

A BUILDING WITH BRIO:

The UCSB Faculty Club

BY ELLEN KELLEY

IF YOU HAPPEN TO VISIT UCSB'S FACULTY CLUB, YOU MAY BE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU *DON'T* FIND. YOU WON'T BROWSE THROUGH A MAHOGANY-LINED, LEATHER-BOUND LIBRARY. NOR WILL YOU AMBLE IN A GARDEN WITH



MOSSY GATES AND IVY-COVERED WALLS. INSTEAD, WHAT YOU'LL FIND IS ARCHITECT CHARLES W. MOORE'S DELIGHTFUL HOMAGE TO OUR LOCAL HISTORY, OR WHAT HE CALLS "THE SANTA BARBARA FANTASY," AN ARCHITECTURAL CONCOCTION THAT IS FULL OF SURPRISES. "THE FACULTY CLUB," WRITES MOORE IN AN ESSAY ENTITLED "THE YIN, THE YANG AND THE THREE BEARS," "WAS MEANT TO EVOKE THE BRIO OF THE SANTA BARBARA OF THE TWENTIES AND THE THIRTIES, ESPE-



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CIALY ITS COUNTY COURTHOUSE, ALTERNATIVELY EXPLODING WITH JOYOUS LEAPS OF SCALE AND BEGUILING WITH ROMANTIC SHADOWS, LIKE NOTHING THAT THE PAST HAD EVER CREATED."

SINCE ITS OPENING IN THE SUMMER OF 1968, THE INNOVATIVE BUILDING HAS STIRRED CURIOSITY AND

Charles W. Moore (top) and his associates from MLTW—particularly William Turnbull, Jr. (bottom)—effectively juxtaposed contemporary and traditional motifs in their 1968 design of the UCSB Faculty Club. OPPOSITE: The original dining room with the fifteen-foot square silk tapestry and the neon banners, which have since been removed.





"When people come to Santa Barbara to look at buildings, the three that they look at are the Courthouse, the Mission and the Faculty Club . . ."

engendered a spirit of adventure even in its most conservative visitors. A succulent- and palm-lined walk leads visitors over a ramp and through a breezeway to what appears to be the interior of an ancient walled city. Then a string of bare light bulbs materializes high on the walls of the passageway leading to the deck. Layers of walls and mysterious half-turrets frame the intimate courtyard below, and sunlight creates wild shadows that dance on every surface. Passing through the courtyard, you enter a tiny vestibule, lined with some one hundred unused coat hooks, that separates the building's entrance from the main balcony.

By now, you've abandoned all hope of finding even an ounce of tradition at this club. You are on the mid-level of a three-level building, that much is clear. But the structure is bombarding your senses with a challenging interplay of height, space, light and architectural activity. Straight ahead a grand staircase, over which hangs a golden and crystal Louis XVI chandelier. To the left, a bridge stretches like a bird's wing over the great hall dining room below. Beyond the bridge, narrow stairs wind dizzily up to the building's third level.

Standing on the balcony, you can survey your choices: Take flight on the bird's wing and cross the dining room from a lofty height or descend majestically to the dining room amid the architectural drama that beckons from every corner. Close to the ceiling, eight glass globes, which are mounted on metal stems and closely resemble the kind of trumpets that velvet-shoed heralds once played in medieval castles, protrude from three walls. You can almost hear their fanfare as you descend the staircase.

Once in the dining room, you discover that much of one wall is glass. The windows overlook a broad, tree-shaded

porch, the lush Faculty Green and the lagoon beyond. This expansive lawn runs from the porch to the edge of the lagoon and is the site for various ceremonies and selected commencement exercises. Despite the beauty of the vista, you can gain a better view by turning back to the building and looking up: from here you can see all the way to the peak of the ceiling, which soars past bridges and stairs that fly crazily through space. Natural light enters in unexpected and subtle stages; the effect is exhilarating.

Concerned with the human, emotional response to dwellings, Moore aimed to design a building that would energize and uplift people. The Faculty Club building, he writes, "is a place where people are meant to have a good time."

Architectural critics have stated that Charles Moore, renowned architect, teacher, lecturer and prolific writer, has influenced American building design more than any native-born architect since Frank Lloyd Wright. Moore challenged the impersonal, steel-and-glass sterility of the modernist ideal and created humanistic designs. His love of world travel, his fascination with indigenous and historical architecture, his sense of humor and fantasy and his eclectic style together inform Moore's designs.

Working with partners Donlyn Lyndon, Richard Whitaker and William Turnbull, Jr. (MLTW) in Berkeley, California, from 1962 to 1965, Moore designed the Sea Ranch Condominium in



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ABOVE: A neo-Baroque lamppost, constructed of pipe, bent conduit and industrial reflectors, stands in the center of an area of brightly colored tile that separates the swimming pool (foreground) and the wading pool. OPPOSITE: No longer a part of the center courtyard is the "fountain," which consisted of an enormous flower painted on sloping concrete surfaces with an oscillating lawn sprinkler in the middle of it.



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ABOVE: The golden and crystal Louis XVI chandelier still hangs above the grand staircase that descends to the dining room. RIGHT: This breezeway leads to what appears to be the interior of an ancient walled city.

OPPOSITE: Obtained from William Randolph Hearst's warehouse, this stone fireplace mantel (It is actually the arched top of a Spanish Romanesque window.) sits in front of the fireplace box in what used to be a meeting room and is now office space.



JÜRGEN HILMER

Northern California, a project that gained the firm great notoriety and, says novelist and critic David Littlejohn, "Created a new ethic . . . and aesthetic for American architecture. Suddenly it was O.K. to do serious buildings that were cheap-looking, shacklike, defiant of symmetry and right angles, because they worked and could . . . come to seem beautiful."

The idea for a Faculty Club building grew from the leadership and vision of Dr. Steven Horvath, Professor of Biomedical Engineering and founder of UCSB's first organized research unit, the Institute of Environmental Stress. In 1963, Horvath was president of the Faculty Club, which met infrequently in an old Marine Corps building on the burgeoning campus. Increased student enrollments provided funds that attracted a larger, more sophisticated faculty than UCSB had yet seen. Consequently, Horvath believed that the campus needed a place for faculty members to relax and share ideas and to entertain guests and visitors. Club members formed a building committee to select an architect, work on plans and to raise funds for the ambitious project. Chaired by Horvath, the committee's roster included Dr. David Gebhard, professor of art history; Dr. Alfred Moir, professor of art history; Dr. Harry Girvetz, professor of philosophy; and Luigi Desmet, UCSB's administrative vice-chancellor of business and finance.

After considering several noted archi-

itects, the group enthusiastically chose Moore, then-chairman of Berkeley's Department of Architecture, and his firm, MLTW. Gebhard, curator of UCSB's Architectural Drawing Collection and an authority on Moore, says, "He knew what academicians wished to see and take place in a faculty club. He is a marvelous combination of historian and practicing architect, and . . . is one of the major designers America has produced in this century."

By the late sixties, the financial squeeze that would tighten the university's belt during the next two decades was underway. To accommodate a limited budget, Moore changed his original plans three times. Through a gift, a low-interest university loan, a private donation of \$125,000 from Santa Barbara businessman William H. Joyce, Jr., and faculty donations, the committee managed to fund the building's \$600,000 construction costs.

The Faculty Club building opened to much praise and publicity from architectural circles and publications. Moore had played with several thematic ideas; the exterior reflected his fascination with such local buildings as the Santa Barbara County Courthouse, while interior spaces married the unlikely combination of a medieval, baronial hall with Southern California-style pop art. Later, both Moore and committee members added various treasures that embellished these

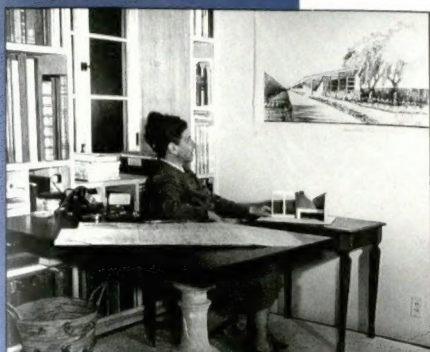
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"The Faculty Club was meant to evoke the brio of the Santa Barbara of the twenties and the thirties, especially its County Courthouse, alternatively exploding with joyous leaps of scale and beguiling with romantic shadows, like nothing that the past had ever created."

LUTAH MARIA RICCS • ARCHITECT





*A woman of
talent and vision
who, under the
leadership of her
eminent mentor
George Washington
Smith, created the
Spanish Colonial
Revival style
for which
Santa Barbara
is renowned.*

By Terre Ouwehand
Photography by Jürgen Hilmer

Much of Santa Barbara's fame, and not a little of its fortune, rests upon its beauty; not merely the natural beauty of the mountains and the ocean and the blue skies and the sunshine, but the intentional beauty of the city itself—primarily its architecture. For that distinctive architecture, we can thank an earthquake, a group of astute city planners who perceived the value of a cohesive architectural statement and a young woman of talent and vision who worked in the office of prominent architect George Washington Smith.

Lutah Maria Riggs was Smith's chief designer in 1925 when his firm successfully bid for much of the job of reassembling a Santa Barbara in ruins. The year before, Riggs had traveled through Europe with Smith and his family. In 1925, still under the influence of the porticos, balconies, archways and sawn-wood beams, the young designer set to work under the leadership of her eminent mentor and created the Spanish Colonial Revival style. Today, Santa Barbara is so replete with this nostalgic form that some architectural circles refer to it as the Santa Barbara style.

Two prominent examples of Riggs's accomplishments in this style are the State Street entrance to the El Paseo complex and the Lobero Theatre—the ceiling of which she is said to have designed from her memory of an interior she viewed in southern Spain. Another striking example of her affinity for and graceful execution

of this architectural style is her own 1926 award-winning home on Middle Road—financed, one supposes, by the work of putting Santa Barbara back together. She once described the romantic style of her home as “Andalusian, Mexican Colonial—and Riggs!”

However, not all of the designer's work employed this



style. A list of Riggs-designed buildings, both under the direction of Smith and throughout her long and prolific independent career, covers some eightentyped pages. While clearly a master at public projects, her strength, she felt, was as a residential designer. Indeed, she planned some of Santa Barbara area's most beautiful homes, many of which still stand in Montecito: the Allen Breed Walker residence (1938); the Baron Max von Romberg estate (1938); the home of Alice Erving (1951), which *Time* magazine christened the “glass tent”; and two homes built for art collector Wright Ludington (1956, 1974), one of which houses a gallery.

A house should be “a shelter from the elements, a place of re-

BAW PHOTOS COURTESY KIT McMAHON



PRECEDING PAGES: The typeface used in the headline was taken from a nameplate that Riggs allegedly hand-lettered. LEFT: Riggs's favorite work, according to her friend Kit McMahon, was probably *The Lobero Theatre*. MIDDLE: Luta Riggs in her studio on Middle Road in Montecito. RIGHT: A scholarship and two part-time jobs provided funds for Riggs's education at UCB.

ABOVE: According to Riggs, the challenge posed by the Vedanta Temple was "... to create for them something reminiscent of their background in India while still thinking of the immediate neighbors." INSET: Massive Oregon pine poles were used for support as well as decoration.

treat and rest, a place of happiness if possible, and have enough beauty to provide a lift for the spirit," Riggs stated in an interview following her selection as one of the 1966 *Los Angeles Times* Women of the Year. She shared this award, by no means her only public recognition or professional honor, with such notables as artist Corita Kent, tennis champ Billie Jean King and singer Ella Fitzgerald.

Inducted in 1960, Riggs was one of the first female fellows of the American Institute of Architects; the following year she was appointed to the State Board of Architectural Examiners. In Santa Barbara, the Community Arts Association of Plans and Planting (a pioneer effort, established

in 1922, to regulate growth and provide for aesthetics along with progress) presented her with awards for her library/herbarium building [The current herbarium was added in the 1970s to house an expanded collection.] at the Botanic Garden (1950), a doctor's office at 30 W. Arrellaga Street (1954), the Plow and Angel Bar at San Ysidro Ranch (1955) and the Vedanta Temple (1956). Such a list stands as evidence that the inventive Riggs did not confine herself to working in the Spanish Revival mode.

Rather than obeying the dictates of a school, style or design, Riggs always allowed the specific need, client and site to help determine a building's form and




materials. The Vedanta Temple, nestled serenely in the chaparral off Ladera Lane, is a superb example of that practice. While constructed in a Southern Indian style, the building conveys an Oriental feeling. On the inside as well as the outside of the temple, massive red poles of Oregon pine—the kind used in pile driving, she explained in an oral history interview on file at the Santa Barbara Historical Museum—support as well as decorate the structure. “The problem there was to create for them something reminiscent of their background in India while still thinking of the immediate neighbors.”

“She had a strong feeling for the correctness of things,” remarks Catherine

“Kit” McMahon, Riggs’s friend and neighbor for over 30 years. “Lutah was extremely intelligent—broadly so and well read—and a person of great integrity, though she could be impatient with people who weren’t quite as capable as she. She was frank and outspoken, but a very private person who also respected others’ privacy. For instance, Greta Garbo, whom she must have met while working for the studios during the war, visited her once or twice, but you didn’t see anybody around bothering her. Lutah had a large circle of prominent friends and she gave marvel-

ous parties. She wasn’t a snob, just a very busy woman—I never knew anyone so into what they do, to the exclusion of everything else.”

Just down the road from Riggs’s house stands the reason the determined young architect chose Santa Barbara as the place to forge her career. Working in Susanville, California, after her 1919 graduation from the University of California at Berkeley, she saw a photograph in a magazine of a house in Montecito that George Washington Smith had designed. Considering her staunch dislike for ornate Victorian architecture one can



Built in 1951, the home of Alice Erving was called the "glass tent" by *Time* magazine.

OPPOSITE TOP: Named by its owner, "Hesperides" was built in 1956 and was one of two houses that Riggs designed for art collector Wright Ludington. MIDDLE: The Community Arts Association of Plans and Planting gave Riggs an award for the library/herbarium building that she designed for the Botanic Garden in 1950.

BOTTOM: Riggs's own home on Middle Road, which she named "Clavelitos."



TOM BURT

A house should be "a shelter from the elements, a place of retreat and rest, a place of happiness if possible, and have enough beauty to provide a lift for the spirit."

understand why the clean, simple lines and white walls of this Smith house so attracted Riggs. On the strength of that single photograph, Riggs decided that she wanted to work for Smith. Landing a job with the famous architect, however, was not as easy as making the decision to seek employment with him.

In 1919, the country was still recovering from World War I and architectural offices were not yet back in full operation. Though impressed with Riggs's drawings, Smith wasn't hiring. The twenty-three-year-old ventured to Los Angeles, where she met with similar luck. Not long after her arrival in Los Angeles, Riggs heard that George Washington Smith's work load had apparently picked up and that he was looking for a good draftsman. She rushed back excitedly to Santa Barbara and, without mentioning the rumor, simply asked if he'd taken on more commissions. He had and he hired her.

After a brief period, the work load slowed again, and in order to make ends meet, Riggs taught in a one-room school on the pass to Ojai. Her luck changed for good when Smith asked Riggs to return to Santa Barbara to run his office while he made a trip to New York. She served as Smith's chief designer for the next ten years, until his death in 1930.

From the moment



Riggs took over production in Smith's office, the high quality of the firm's work never ceased, contends Dr. David Gebhard of the art history department at UCSB. In a catalogue essay entitled *George Washington Smith (1876-1930): The Spanish Colonial Revival*, which he wrote for a

1964 exhibit at UCSB, Gebhard suggests that simplicity was the key to Riggs's ability to use the romantic white-washed, red-tiled folk design of Spain to create a complete and intellectual design that was picturesque but never quaint. "The Spanish Colonial Revival in California in the 1920s and 1930s was of such magnitude and influence that nearly every city large or small has many examples of its impact, but not all of them, unhappily, were done with [such] taste, skill and devotion . . ."

The Lobero Theatre may be the best example of that skill and taste. This Santa Barbara landmark was not actually part of the great rebuilding effort that followed the quake. Having been built just the year before the temblor, the theater, quite possibly, may have been the inspiration for the pervasive style that ensued.

According to Kit McMahon, the Lobero was probably Riggs's favorite work, and she felt a little proprietary about it. "George Washington Smith was my employer," explains Riggs in her oral history. "I did designing in his office for him, not for myself. My name didn't go on the plans." Interestingly, the Lobero's designers considered incorporating the original adobe walls from the old José Lobero Opera House, but decided against it. "And

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George Rickey: Dancing on the Wind

By Hilary Dole Klein
Photography by Jürgen Hilmer



In front of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art stands a sculpture that consists of two burnished stainless steel squares floating through space at the top of a tall pole. The two squares sink and rise independently of each other, yet they are bound in a mesmerizing, geometric *pas de deux* between order and randomness. Walking on the sidewalk in front of the museum, one can look up and see the shimmering squares, suspended on the breeze, seeming to move in response to a current that rises from the flow of traffic below.

TOP: An early riser, Rickey enjoys the solitude of this sunny alcove in his West Coast studio.

ABOVE: *Two Open Rectangles Diagonal Jointed Gyratory*, 1984, 90" x 40".

The sculptures pictured in this article are stainless steel unless otherwise noted. With the exception of the two owned by the SBMA, all sculptures are from local, private collections.

One of the few pieces of public art in Santa Barbara, the piece is the work of George Rickey, one of the foremost sculptors of the twentieth century. Holder of eight honorary doctoral degrees and winner of numerous awards, Rickey has created works of art that reside in major collections, museums and public places in America, Europe, Asia, Israel and New Zealand. At the age of eighty-three, Rickey, who has been called "the engineer of movement," still produces art a critic once described as "a dance of nature and technology."

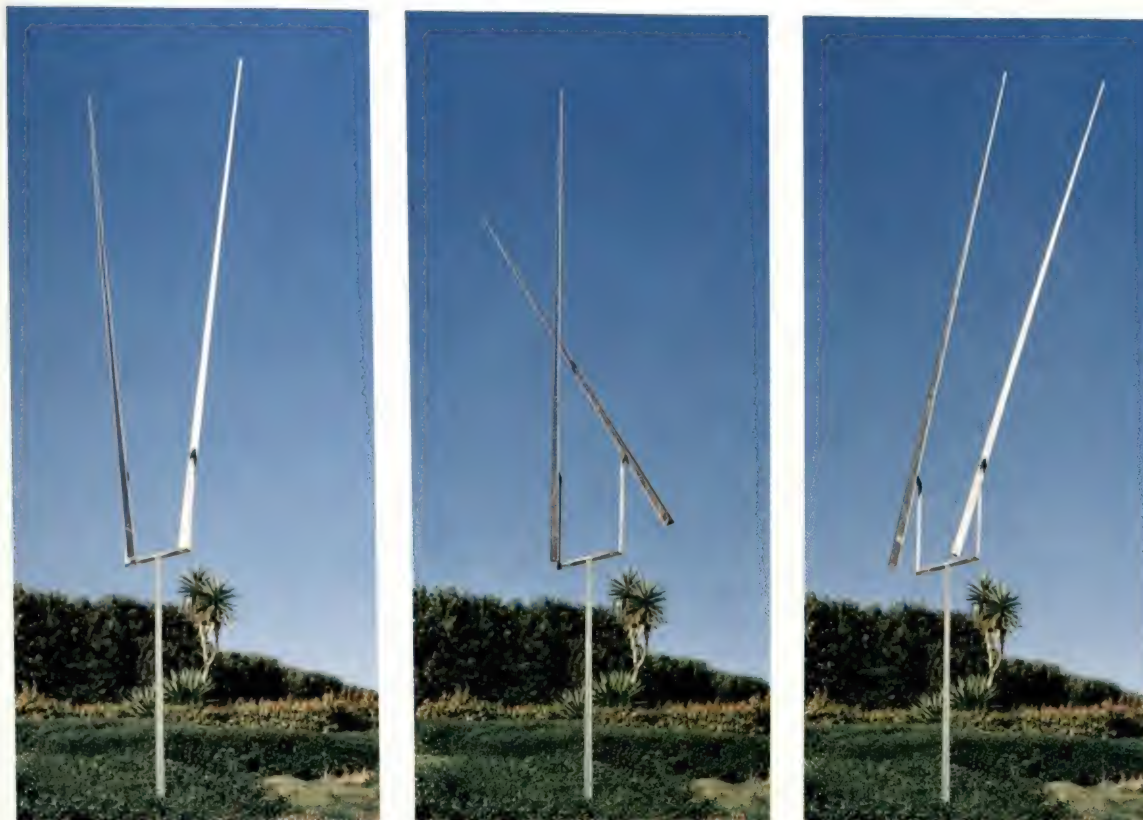
Including works that range from a 54-foot piece in Albany, New York, to a sublime pair of earrings made for his wife Edie, Rickey's sculptures evoke emotional responses of delight and amazement. Gleaming silver geometric shapes, they are entirely man-made. Yet as they respond to the movement of air, they create elegant



Rickery often creates brushed surfaces to reflect the light and color of the surroundings without reflecting an image of the surroundings. This technique can be seen in *Two Planes Vertical—Horizontal II*, 1970, 177 x 126, which stands in front of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art.

"The artist finds waiting for him, as subject, not the trees, not the flowers, not the landscape, but the waving of branches and *trembling* of stems, the piling up and scudding of clouds, the rising and setting and waxing and waning of heavenly bodies . . ."





drawings in space, art that pays homage to the laws of nature.

For most of the year, this 'engineer of movement' lives in East Chatham, New York, but Rickey and his wife have cherished close ties to Santa Barbara for many years. In 1960, Rickey came here to teach during the summer at UCSB, in part, because of his friendship with William Dole, then head of the art department.

Throughout the following years, the Rickeys returned frequently to Santa Barbara. As a regent's lecturer in 1967, Rickey again taught art at the university. During the 1970s, they visited their eldest son Stuart, who attended UCSB. Opportunities to show Rickey's work drew them, too. The Esther Bear Gallery in Montecito and the University Art Museum exhibited Rickey's kinetic (moving) sculpture, as did The Los Angeles County Museum of Art, The San Francisco Museum of Art and the Palm Springs Desert Museum.

In 1972, the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, under the direction of Paul Mills, acquired the Rickey sculpture titled *Two Planes Vertical—Horizontal II* to grace what was then the museum's front entrance.

"Among sculptors using motion, I think that George Rickey is the most successful of them all," says Mills, who directed the SBMA from 1970 to 1982. Mills says that what has always pleased him about the sculpture has been the beautiful relation-

OPPOSITE: Each section of *Six Triangles Hexagon—Wall*, 1978, 50" x 46" x 13", moves back and forth from the wall. ABOVE: *Two Slender Lines Excentric*, 1977-'79, height 23', blade 15', is shown in three phases of movement.



ABOVE: This elegant sculpture, *Four Lines Oblique V*, 1978, fits in well with the natural surroundings. LEFT: Rickey makes an adjustment in one of his sculptures. Ken Bortolazzo, his West Coast studio assistant for nearly five years, works at the spot welder. Bortolazzo does many of Rickey's installations and is often called upon to make adjustments or repairs. RIGHT: *Open and Closed Parallelepiped*, 1984, 17" x 7", a small, indoor piece.



Rickey

ship of scale between it and the museum, as well as the contrast between their styles. "There's a nice play between them," he says. "I've always felt that it was one of the most successful relationships of site to sculpture I've ever been involved with."

Nancy Doll, presently curator of twentieth-century art at the SBMA, points out that Rickey has always worked in the constructivist tradition. According to Doll, constructivist sculpture is that which is assembled from components. "He has been one of the leading proponents of constructivist and kinetic sculpture," she says. "I also think that he's an influential force in modern twentieth-century sculpture. Furthermore, his piece is accessible to a lot of people. Even though it's very abstract, people can relate to it. It has a grace and elegance and subtle wit that's very appealing."

Unlike other artists who produce kinetic art, Rickey confines his work to very simplistic geometric shapes that he fabricates only from metal and relies on natural rather than mechanical forces for their movement. The title of the SBMA piece, *Two Planes Vertical—Horizontal II*, is in keeping with the way Rickey names all his pieces: "I don't want the name to contribute to anything," he says. "I want the piece to stand by itself."

Rickey's shapes do not literally describe natural or human forms. However, by harnessing the forces of nature—wind and gravity—as well as time, he strongly invokes the presence of nature. Rickey himself once wrote, "The artist finds waiting for him, as subject, not the trees, not the flowers, not the landscape, but the *waving* of branches and *trembling* of stems, the piling up and scudding of clouds, the rising and setting and waxing and waning of heavenly bodies. . . ."

At the age of fifty-seven, Rickey achieved international recognition as a major figure in

the history of kinetic sculpture when he exhibited a piece at Documenta III, an international show in Kassel, Germany. In 1965, when the Museum of Modern Art in New York purchased a 35-foot Rickey piece for its permanent collection, his reputation flourished in this country, also. The MOMA purchase furthered Rickey's patronage in Europe, where, especially in Germany, he has exhibited many times and created numerous commissioned, monumental public sculptures.

Until a few years ago, the Rickeys routinely left New England and its harsh winters in favor of a milder and shorter winter in Berlin, where Rickey maintained a studio. "It was a change of pace," he recalls. However, as the artist approached his eighties, he looked for ways to slow that pace and decided that he no longer wanted to produce in Berlin. The Rickeys searched for a warm spot in which to spend the winter months. Santa Barbara, with its mild climate and durable friendships, was the obvious choice.

In 1985, the couple stayed several months with Santa Barbara friends while looking for a place to live. They finally settled on what Edie calls a "mini-mini *pied-à-terre*," a tiny house with an attached studio for George. The Rickeys immediately dubbed their new home "the nest in the West."

From this western base the couple perform their respective duties as internationally acclaimed artist and "artist's wife," as Edie refers to herself. Rather than carve out a separate career of her own, Edie has always devoted herself full time to her husband's career, acting as agent, dealer, social secretary, historian, art collector, travel agent, bookkeeper, hostess and gourmet cook. She is fiercely proud of her contributions as partner and homemaker and loves to tell the

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"My kind of
sculpture cannot be
improvised or
generated in a
wave of emotion;
it must be
preconceived."



Done early in Rickey's career, this painted sculpture, *Diptych—The Seasons I*, 1956, stainless steel and polychrome, 17" x 38 1/4" x 13", is owned by the Santa Barbara Museum of Art.

FOCUS

The Plunge That Refreshes

The surf off Miramar Beach on a winter's day isn't as icy as the wind-whipped seas of the Bering Sea, but try arguing the point on a cold afternoon, when even the slightest splash of the Pacific's chilly waves on your face is enough to convince the most ardent of swimmers to rush to the nearest beach.

And indeed, among us are a few hearty souls who actually enjoy plunging into the ocean. They swim year-round, and find delight in their dips on warm, sunny days as well as on the gray, chilly days of winter.

John McCann, who has been taking the plunge almost every afternoon at Miramar Beach for more than twenty years, proclaims this: "The high is fantastic, and it's a great workout."

McCann is swimming every day, and he feels a great sense of accomplishment when you go home.

McCann adds, "I've been guarding the beach for more than twenty years, and I've been swimming every day. I've been swimming every day, and I've been swimming every day."

McCann is a meditation, my friend. I've been swimming every day, and I've been swimming every day. I've been swimming every day, and I've been swimming every day."

McCann is a meditation, my friend. I've been swimming every day, and I've been swimming every day. I've been swimming every day, and I've been swimming every day."

"I jog each day down there, maybe a mile, half a mile. Then I do my swim," says McCann. He generally swims toward the Miramar float, parallels the beach for a quarter mile, then body surfs in.

"My heart muscle or circulatory system is improved, but that's a by-product. I don't seriously think about it," he says. "It's mostly the great feeling I get from being in the ocean. . . . It's the salt water that's really the treat. It makes everything tingle and just gives me a sense of well-being that's phenomenal."

McCann grew up in Malibu, where he was an avid body surfer. He moved to Santa Barbara in 1966, already hooked on the ocean. Now forty-seven years old and owner of three South Coast mini-storage

facilities and a moving company, he says he can't imagine a day going by without a saltwater dip. He rarely misses more than two days a month, and he schedules the half-hour dip just as he would a business appointment.

Even during winter, when the water temperatures drop to the low 50s and even the 40s, McCann refuses to add a wetsuit to the rite—it would just get in the way, he says. He does admit to wearing one if he plans to spend several hours surfing. But in the case of his daily swim, a wetsuit insulates him from what he considers to be the exhilarating shock of the cold water.

Rain adds to the pleasure. In fact, McCann insists that some of his better forays have occurred during winter storms. "If you have a cold, blustery day with waves, whitecaps, the wind blowing, it will actually be colder on the outside than it will be inside the ocean," he says. "It's kind of fun. It adds a little bit of spice to the whole thing."

McCann has special memories of the winter of 1983, which was one of the wettest and wildest rain years in recent history. Waves crashed through beachfront homes and tons of debris careened down creeks and into the ocean.

"I did go out," he remembers. "But it was just, 'I have to get my saltwater swim today.' I wasn't out there lolling around. It was pretty hairy, with so much debris in the water. . . . And the waves were some of the biggest I'd ever seen."

Though he thrives on the ocean's turbulence, McCann also appreciates its quieter times. After more than two decades of swimming at the Miramar, he believes that he has an intuitive sense of the beach's rhythms—its chang-

ing sands and tides. "The beauty of the thing is the changing nature of the ocean as you know it. Each day is so different. It's not like a rectangular pool where you push off the walls."

Like McCann, Jacques Renon has tackled winter seas at the Miramar for more than 25 years. The beach is like a second home to him. Renon fell in love with Miramar Beach and all of Santa Barbara in 1959, when he came here for a week's vacation and stayed permanently.

He started working for the hotel as a lifeguard and swim instructor in 1964, and he has been a fixture there ever since. These days, he patrols the grounds on an old, maroon bicycle or watches over the pool, boardwalk and beach. He also handles the hotel's rentals of beach chairs and the like.

Renon follows much the same pattern he has for more than a quarter of a century.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: John McCann, Hillary Hauser and Jacques Renon are zealous about their daily dips at Montecito's Miramar Beach.

Every afternoon he heads over to a chin-up bar that he wedged between two trees behind the row of rooms along the boardwalk. After 20 or 30 chin-ups, he returns to the beach. He used to follow the chin-ups with handstands, but now he skips them and jogs a ways. Then it's into the water for a quick swim, which he follows with a cold shower.

It's not the length of the swim but the feeling that he gets that brings Renon back time and again. "Last winter, for one week, the water was about 47 degrees," he recalls. "Then I'm in just one minute. That's all. I get out. . . . Even if you stay in maybe one or two minutes . . . it activates the circulation and you feel better."

Renon prides himself on being able to gauge the water temperature solely on instinct. "I know the water when I go in," he says, describing a time when a beachgoer asked what the temperature was. "I

said, 'I think it's 60 degrees.' The guy had a thermometer and went into the water. It said 59-and-a-half degrees." Renon pauses, then adds dryly, "I said, 'Maybe the thermometer was wrong.' I don't know."

Renon confesses that he prefers warm water. Yet, like McCann, he scoffs at wetsuits. "That's against my principle," he says.

Renon spends his days off at Miramar Beach, too. Sounding much like McCann, Renon says the sand, the water and the cleanliness make Miramar the ultimate beach, bar none.

Yet there was an incident, several years ago, when a school of anchovies could have made that a debatable point.

Renon recalls when thousands of the silvery fish swarmed into the cove, exciting countless pelicans that soon converged in a feeding frenzy. "They just eat, eat, eat," he says. "When I went to swim that evening, a passage about 50 yards away [from the feeding area], the smell . . ." he pauses to wrinkle his nose and make a sound of disgust.

Hauser has experienced less-than-pleasant odors at Miramar Beach as well. "When the plankton blooms, it's so stinky . . . It gets in your hair and smells. The water is absolute soup."

Yet a little bit of odor is not enough to deter Hauser from continuing a love affair with the sea that began back in 1955, when as a ten-year-old, she and her family moved to a house at Fernald Point. Her experiences growing up at the beach resulted in a career writing about underwater life.

"I remember my uncle taking us out into the waves to body surf. He would say, 'Now, we will not take this wave. It is not worthy of our talents,'" Hauser says, adding that she and her brother swam out to the Miramar raft year-round.

Hauser didn't wear a wetsuit as a teenager but she does now. Otherwise, she says, her wrists begin to ache and she has to get out too soon. Rather than taking the quick, invigorating plunge that McCann and Renon prefer, Hauser spends at least half an hour a day in the ocean. From about November through March, she usually dons an eighth-inch wetsuit along with the fins that she wears year-round.

"I love the business of being able to really swim," she says. "I swim from the front of my old house at Fernald Point to the front of the Miramar and back. It's about a mile. It isn't radical. I just love the physical feel of the water."

Yet Hauser recalls moments of inspiration when, without a wetsuit—or much of anything else—she suddenly felt compelled to simply jump in. "I'd say, 'Oh gosh, this is great. I'm going in this minute,'" she exclaims. "I'd go in with whatever I had on . . . I've gone in with all my clothes on. I've gone in with just my nightshirt on . . . I did it one time with a dress and nylons. It was just a big lark."

One such lark occurred early one morning several years ago when Hauser and a woman who lived nearby spotted dolphins. Hauser said there was no hesitation. Both still in night clothes, she and her neighbor plunged into the surf to get close to the animals.

"It's the most unbelievable experience to be out there when the dolphins come by," Hauser explains, adding, "I've had harbor seals come up, swim close, kind of loop around, pop up here, pop up there, on either side of you. They're really fun."

Dolphins, harbor seals, pelicans, terns and gulls all visit the cove regularly. But there's a gathering of another type of beast that occurs only once a year: At high noon on New Year's Day, a group of locals, who call themselves polar bears, congregate for an annual ritual. These are folk who don't necessarily swim year-round, but on a whim, to test their perseverance or perhaps just on a dare, they don their swimsuits and plunge into the cold surf.

But the next day, McCann, Renon and Hauser have the gray, winter seas at Miramar Beach to themselves again. ≈

Frequent contributor Joan Bolton prefers to celebrate the New Year in a hot tub.



GREG HUGLIN

The UCSB Faculty Club

Continued from page 34

intriguing themes.

In a satiric moment, Moore installed ten stuffed animal heads in the entry hall. Moore, Professor Moir and Vice-Chancellor Desmet's wife secured panels from a fifteenth-century, Spanish wooden ceiling, as well as two carved stone fireplace frames from William Randolph Hearst's estate warehouse. They placed natural-style furniture throughout the building and decorated the dining room with a fifteen-foot square silk tapestry representing the mythological characters Athena and Actaeon. In addition, Moore and his students created headboards, walls and a painted bench for the building's six guest rooms. Designed and

donated by the architect, the decor's crowning glory, a collection of colorful neon banners, adorned the great hall.

Notwithstanding its supporters' enthusiasm, the unusual building has sparked controversy throughout its 21 years on campus. The original interior offended those whose artistic taste was more traditional. As a result, over time, unsympathetic board members subdued and altered much of the original decor. In 1978, a club "rehabilitation" initiated by then-Chancellor Robert Huttenback removed or changed several original elements; the neon banners, the tapestries and the stuffed heads are now gone. But the innovative, sculptural design of the building remains. Says Moir, "The Faculty Club has survived really hostile management for many years. This speaks

well for the architect."

The club also survived the troubled campus atmosphere into which it was born. Built at a time when student dissent and disillusionment wracked the university, some students and faculty considered the club elitist, and its building a symbol of authoritarian establishment. In 1969, this mood culminated in a tragic bombing incident at the club that killed custodian Dover Sharp, less than one year after the building's opening. A year later, two brief student takeovers resulted in vandalism and damages. These events, plus the club's location at the far end of campus, did not encourage new membership.

Even after the furor of the student protests had subsided, the Faculty Club still grappled with problems. Financial diffi-

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culties coupled with a small membership have plagued the club almost continuously throughout its history. Complaints center on high utility costs (especially the athletic facilities), wasted space and the need for more storage and lounge areas. Limited funding has led to inadequate maintenance, a situation that has taken its toll on the building. "The vision was a good one, but the fundamental fact about this place is, we had to grow up to it," says founding member Dr. Robert Kelley, professor of history and director of the Public History Program.

Despite the club's difficulties, its membership, with the help of present club manager Linda Ruuska, is moving forward with plans not only to renovate the facility but to finally complete it. After 21 years Charles Moore and William Turnbull, Jr., will return to the landmark building and carry out at last what they had originally intended for the building. Turnbull, whose meticulous draftsmanship some critics consider a "marvel," says, "It should be fun. The challenge is to make it all fit and seem inevitable at the same time."

The project's first phase will address necessary repairs. The proposed additions and changes include adding fourteen more guest rooms to the present six and covering the interior courtyard to create a much-needed faculty lounge.

Meanwhile, faculty interest in the club has increased. Long-time member and professor of political science, Dr. Peter Merkl, hopes that the club will host more social functions. "Life on campus is very individualizing," he explains. "We should [increase] dances, dinner and lecture programs."

The Faculty Club is the university's front parlor, the place where a steady flow of notable visitors from all over the world arrive, on a campus that is now a major center of learning and research. It also remains an architectural landmark. "When people come to Santa Barbara to look at buildings," comments Gebhard, "the three that they look at are the Courthouse, the Mission and the Faculty Club. This building isn't just academia, or just specifically Santa Barbara. It's really a reflection of the times, beautifully mirrored, and very intriguing." ≈

UCSB alumni and wife of an architect, Ellen Kelley is a Santa Barbara-based free-lance writer.



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Lutah Maria Riggs

Continued from page 53

reports that a number of eminent California architects gave their support to these first women aspirants.

Mentor and friend, George Washington Smith was pivotal to Riggs's career. "It was a sort of inspiration to me to work in his office," she reflects. "I liked him and I admired his taste." Their professional association was certainly productive: Over 30 homes in Santa Barbara and Montecito as well as many commercial buildings stand to their combined credit. Following Smith's death, Riggs formed a temporary partnership with another Smith employee and completed all of Smith's work. She then practiced alone for the next decade, until World War II brought building to a halt. From 1942 to 1945, she designed movie sets for MGM, an activity that sounds more glamorous than it was for Riggs: "It's a big factory—you're just a cog in the wheel," she reports.

After the war, the still-active architect returned to Santa Barbara and opened her own office, designing the second Loding-ton house when she was seventy-seven. At the age of eighty, she maintained a lively interest in local arts, attended civic meetings, employed two assistants and worked at her drawing board. Riggs's active role in preserving the integrity of the Santa Barbara style that she and Smith had created resulted in a seat on the City and County Landmarks Advisory Committee for several years. Failing health forced the eighty-four-year-old Riggs to close her office. Still called upon occasionally by architects and authors, she could no longer so readily recall the information they came seeking. Riggs lived an increasingly secluded life until her death in 1984 at age eighty-seven.

Though the mailbox that stands in front of the designer's Middle Road home displays the words "Lutah Maria Riggs Architect," We don't need such a large reminder of Riggs's legacy. Indeed, despite the passing of time, her creations still dictates, in part, the shape of Santa Barbara. The white stucco walls, the tile roofs, the wrought-iron balconies sprang from Riggs's vision of how Santa Barbara should look. In short, in order to remember Lutah Maria Riggs, Architects we need only look around.

Terre Ouwehand is the author of *O'Keeffe and Voices from the Well: Dramatic Portraits of Extraordinary Women*.

George Rickey

Continued from page 47

story about the time a woman at a party in Berlin asked her: "Your husband is an artist, are you an artist, too?" Drawing herself up to her full six-foot height, Edie responded, "Madame, you are the wife of a general, are you a general, too?"

Though they now employ a number of people to assist in the studio and the office, Edie still puts in a long day's work from the "breakfast board meeting to the evening review of the day." She feeds everyone who comes to see George about sales, exhibitions and commissions, and she routinely makes an endless number of telephone calls about itineraries, art openings, social functions and other transactions related to their busy, productive lives.

Inside the small cottage sit several small Rickey sculptures that move calmly through their trajectories in gentle contrast to Edie's whirlwind of activity. Outside on the deck, glinting in the sunlight and making visible the invisible air patterns, a number of larger sculptures overlook a field of avocado trees. Rising and sinking, twisting and arcing, their motions seem to defy gravity. Art historian Hayden Herrera once described Rickey's pieces saying, "They have the lightness of visual wit."

The Rickeys' houses are full of art, pieces often acquired through personal relationships with the artists. In their Santa Barbara home, the works tend to be smaller in scale, in keeping with the scale of the house.

Up since dawn, surrounded by his own and his friends' art, George Rickey sits and draws. On paper, he plans every step of an art work before creating it in three dimensions. "My kind of sculpture cannot be improvised or generated in a wave of emotion; it must be preconceived," he explains.

Rickey's sense of calm and deliberate concentration give no indication that several projects also claim his attention: he is finishing up the details of the move across the country to East Chatham; he is just about to leave for San Francisco, where he will attend openings of two separate exhibitions of his sculptures; and from San Francisco, he will depart for Europe to oversee a series of installations in Switzerland, Holland, Germany and England.

Despite those distractions, Rickey finds a few moments of peace in his small Santa Barbara studio, which is filled with tools

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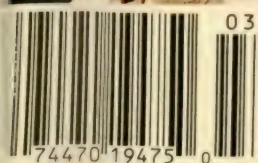
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CACHUMA: JUST ADD WATER

UCSB's
Gutsy Chancellor
Composer Elmer Bernstein
Basking Sharks:
The Ocean's Gentle Giants
Soaring Over The
Santa Ynez Valley



UCSB CHANCELLOR Barbara Uehling

It's another day in the spotlight for Barbara Uehling. She weaves gracefully around the room, smiling, greeting, talking with people in the crowd. From her mannerisms and questions, one can immediately detect her calm, cool, dedicated style. Her posture is erect, her smile is polite and her questions are direct. By the time the gathering—a reception for new faculty—concludes, UCSB's chancellor will likely have accomplished her usual goal. "I try to meet everyone who comes. That's my job," she explains.

And what a job it is. It means living very much in the public eye, as well as determining policy and making important, influential decisions. Uehling takes all aspects of her enormous job seriously, whether it's hosting parties on the lawn outside her campus home or charting the course of a university with more than 18,500 students, nearly 4,500 faculty and staff and an annual operating budget of \$288 million.

Uehling's job is also one packed with trauma and controversy—some inherited, some new.

Fifty-six-year-old Uehling is about to begin her third year as chancellor of the university. She is now under heavy fire for the university's plan to add 1.2 million square feet of classrooms, laboratories and university housing. But when she arrived in June 1987, she already faced a loaded deck. The year before, former chancellor Robert Huttenback had been fired amid charges of embezzling \$250,000 in university funds to remodel his off-campus house. (A Santa Barbara County Superior Court jury convicted him of embezzlement and tax evasion in July 1988. Huttenback has appealed.)

Separate from those monies, Huttenback dipped deep into discretionary funds

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

"I am very analytical

and I am decisive.

I can hang in there

for the long haul

and be as tough as

needed . . . I do care a

lot about people and try

to be very concerned

about their dignity."



By Joan Bolton

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

to finance his favorite campus projects, borrowing against future revenues from anticipated increases in student enrollment that never occurred. Meanwhile, donations to the university plummeted. Morale among faculty and staff hit rock bottom, and the students were restless.

Uehling is no stranger to controversy. Early on during her eight years as chancellor of the University of Missouri, Columbia, she ordered an administration shakeup that included eliminating the positions of a vice chancellor and three provosts. Uehling battled with state legislators over budget cuts and with university administrators over how to spend the remaining money. And, in a state where male egos and college football are firmly intertwined, she fired the head football coach for poor performance and led the search for his replacement.

Uehling says that the firing was not the issue. Rather, critics were angry that she launched a 30-day search to comply with affirmative action guidelines and that one of the candidates was a black man. "They would have picked up the phone, called a friend and he'd be hired by the next day," claims Uehling.

Her willingness to stand smack in the line of fire helped Uehling land the job at UCSB. In announcing her appointment, University of California President David Gardner commended Uehling's "courage to make hard decisions."

Uehling says that the quality, resources and reputation of the University of California system impressed her. Also, "It [UCSB in particular] was clearly ready for some change."

True to form, Uehling started out by landing squarely in the Huttenback mess. "There were lots of misgivings about the campus at that time," Uehling says. "The Huttenback situation had left its difficulties. People really wanted to know what





kind of a person I was, whether I was going to be credible." According to Uehling, she accepted just about every speaking invitation she could to assure the community that the university was back on an even keel.

On advice of legal counsel, Uehling has never discussed the controversy with Huttenback. "I met him, but I've never talked with him," she says.

Even now, Uehling carefully discourages the inevitable questions comparing Huttenback's administration with her own. "I do not want to come across as commenting on Huttenback."

Huttenback is not the only chancellor to have experienced an encounter with the law. Just four days before her inauguration as chancellor, while Uehling was driving home from an off-campus dinner, campus police arrested her and charged her with driving under the influence of alcohol. Blood-alcohol tests revealed readings of .10 and .09. (At that time, the law considered .10 or higher as legal intoxication.)

"I believe that my driving was unaffected by the small amount that I had to drink during the two-and-a-half to three-hour dinner," said Uehling in a statement she made after the incident. She also expressed regret for the "embarrassment to the university and its friends."

The matter of her inaugural address, to be delivered before several thousand people, including university presidents from throughout the country, still existed, however.

"Obviously it was a difficult time," Uehling admits, recalling how she geared herself up for the speech. "But the institution is so important and I'm a symbol of that institution. That's what I was thinking about."

The following month, Uehling pleaded no contest to a reduced charge of reckless driving. The judge fined her \$400 and placed her on a three-year probation.

Despite the incident, Uehling prides herself on following rules, on supporting the system. At UCSB, the system is one that she has shaped. After assuming her post, which came with a \$110,000 annual salary that rose to \$144,000, Uehling promptly swept out three top administrators. She eliminated the vice chancellor position and created a new position called vice chancellor for institutional development. "Virtually all areas of the campus reported there [to the vice chancellor] and then the vice chancellor reported to the chancellor," Uehling says. "I felt that it was time for closer touch with the organization."

Uehling also temporarily froze hiring of new faculty because, according to Uehling, no one knew how much money had been promised to various programs. She explains it this way:

"Much of the funding of UC campuses is tied to growth . . . The campus had grown rather rapidly during some years and the funding followed. There's a lag between the time one receives those funds and the time you can go out and actually employ the faculty person. Commitments had been made against those funds . . . So there comes a day of reckoning, when you can't go on spending those same dollars that you're going to use to hire faculty and the campus is no longer growing."

It took most of a year to straighten out the matter. Although Uehling is reluctant to reveal any figures, she says that the university still has very little money in reserve.

She also dove head first into fund raising. During the brightest moments of the Huttenback era, donations had soared to eight million dollars. But donations plummeted during his final days. When Uehling

arrived, she halted a new, ten-year, \$107 million fund-raising drive.

In an effort to restore credibility, Uehling instigated the development of a campus academic plan, a blueprint for the future. Surprisingly, by many accounts, no UCSB chancellor had ever done this.

"We recognize that . . . we will not be able to grow very much . . . because of the attitudes of the community and the difficulties associated with water and traffic and all of those things that are inherent in Santa Barbara."

"I would personally list it [the plan] as the major contribution that she has made," declares Richard Watts, a member of the plan's steering committee and chair of the Academic Senate's Committee on Educational Planning and Policy. "There certainly have been a number of administrators interested in trying to make plans for the future. But what Barbara did was step back and get a broader view of the entire campus and begin seeking ways to coordinate efforts in all areas and try to give them a cohesiveness that didn't exist before."

Uehling's methodical, step-by-step way of doing business goes hand in hand with her strong belief in governing by committee. "I've always found that shared ideas with bright people are much more valuable than mine alone," she stresses.

Yet some faculty members complain that Uehling's approach causes ideas to get bogged down in study groups.

"The most prominent criticism you will hear on the campus is, 'Things aren't happening fast enough,'" observes Robert

UCSB CHANCELLOR

Kelley, a UCSB history professor since 1955. "If you are very orderly, careful, logical, system-oriented, then you get criticisms that you're making decisions too slowly."

Uehling acknowledges the discontent. "I, too, think things move too slowly, so we probably agree. [But] a great deal has gone on. We've had a lot to do, to bring order to the place. That's not highly vis-

the faculty to vote a particular way on the upcoming ballot, which contained a series of proposals on ethnic issues. Instead, she wrote a memo urging faculty members to "give it [the issue] the careful consideration it merits."

The Academic Senate, including Uehling, overwhelmingly approved a one-course requirement. Looking back, she says, "I don't think I was quiet about ethnic studies or the issues involved. But I might have been quiet from the point of view of advocating a particular solution.

The issue is not whether it's one course or two courses, really. The issue is, 'How do we incorporate this material across our curriculum?'"

While some maintain that Uehling should have taken a stronger stance, others lauded her decision not to interfere with what they considered a purely academic issue.

"She was very scrupulous about [not] encroaching on the senate's territory," says W. Elliot Brownlee, chairman of the Academic Senate.

Before Uehling arrived, UC regents considered adding either 8,000 or 4,000 students to the Santa Barbara campus by 2006. Uehling quickly sized up prevailing local attitudes and helped to convince the regents to cut the projection to 2,000 graduate students, bringing the total student population to 20,000.

"We recognize that . . . we will not be able to grow very much . . . because of the attitudes of the community and the difficulties associated with water and traffic and all of those things that are inherent in Santa Barbara," Uehling says.

The university's self-imposed limit is already creating trouble. In October 1988, when Uehling announced the regent's decision to top out at 20,000 students, enrollment stood at 18,000. Meanwhile, enrollment for fall 1989 surged to 19,082. That figure exceeded UCSB's projections by 500 students.

At the same time, the university is pushing forward with a long-range development plan [LRDP] to add about 1.2 million square feet of new buildings.

Compared with the existing 1.9 million square feet of space, the result would be an expansion of more than 60 percent. "Very little of it [the expansion] is to accommodate growth. It is to accommodate present needs," Uehling says.

Nonetheless, skeptics abound.

"I have an uneasy feeling that they will go beyond the 20,000," says Santa Barbara Mayor Sheila Lodge. Nearly half of UCSB's faculty and staff live within city limits, according to Lodge. She is worried that the expansion will pump more people into an already tight housing market, pushing housing costs even higher.

"Right now we have a severe restriction on the number of new dwelling units that can be built in any one year while we develop some additional water supplies. And given the way the drought has continued, we may have to reduce that amount," Lodge says. "[Another] way the university is proposing to mitigate that is by buying four hundred existing units. Well, that doesn't help much. That's fine for the students and faculty . . . But it removes that many from the market," she adds.

Third District Supervisor Bill Wallace, who lives in Isla Vista, is harsher in his criticism.

"It's the same old thing. They're out there in their imperial palace," he says. "That's an overwhelming amount of growth. They're proposing to surround Isla Vista . . . I think she [Uehling] ought to pull back."

Wallace ticks off water, roads, housing and density as trouble spots. He says that the university's environmental impact report is inadequate and not consistent with the California Environmental Quality Act.

The rub with local leaders, particularly members of the Goleta Water Board and the County Board of Supervisors, is that although they can discuss or protest the LRDP at length, they cannot alter it. UCSB is not required to apply for county development permits or comply with the county's density regulations because it is part of a state agency. Instead, UCSB answers to the Coastal Commission and the regents.

Though the university set up a 45-day public review period during which Uehling presented the plan to county and city governments, the period ran through the holidays and politicians complained that the schedule did not give them adequate time to carefully review the LRDP, much less give UCSB time to incorporate any



Barbara Uehling converses with museum trustees Harris Huey and Gail Berkus at a Santa Barbara Museum of Art event.

ible, but it's essential."

The critics add that they don't think Uehling yet realizes how much momentum or power she can wield by virtue of her position alone.

Uehling, however, believes that power is obtained by sharing ideas, not through possession of a title.

A case in point is last year's furor over a proposal requiring undergraduate students to enroll in ethnic studies courses. In February 1988, the issue erupted when about a dozen students staged a twelve-day hunger strike. They demanded that the Academic Senate, which determines educational policy, approve the requirement and that the administration pump money into minority and multicultural programs.

On day three of the strike, Uehling met with the protesters. The next week, she set up a Committee for Diversity, comprised of staff, faculty and students. A month later, she met with protesters, who had staged a sit-in at the computer center before marching to Uehling's office. At the same time, she issued memos asserting that UCSB must move forward in "promoting and celebrating diversity."

Still, the chancellor did not publicly ask

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A 25-foot basking shark can strain
570,000 gallons of water per hour through
its gill rakers, which scientists presume
are its only means of obtaining food

CHRIS GOTSCHALK



Basking Sharks

The Ocean's
Gentle Giants

BY PETER HOWORTH

Paddling in the dim, predawn light, I began to feel a little foolish. I had just left the comfort of a big boat in the middle of the Santa Barbara Channel for the dubious safety of a thin-skinned sea kayak. My venture into shark-infested waters seemed a trifle risky. I intended to paddle a kayak in the dark, approach the world's second largest fish close enough to touch it and take its picture with an expensive, non-waterproof camera. Was I a bit crazy?


I really began to question my sanity when a shark popped up behind my kayak. Even with 35 years of experience with every sea creature imaginable, I wasn't particularly comfortable with this shark tailing me, so I paddled a bit faster. The shark effortlessly dogged my wake. I swerved; it swerved, too. Great. Now I had a shadow, only this one was easily twice as long as my seventeen-foot kayak.

I stopped paddling, and the monster surged past me. I could barely discern its form through the dark water.

Still, I could tell that it was as big around as a Volkswagen. I then realized that it was a basking shark, a harmless plankton feeder. I trailed the shark, while the sun, still beneath the mountains to the east, began painting the high clouds with vivid hues. The ocean mirrored the bright colors on its glassy surface. I knew that this magical light would last only three or four minutes.

I eased up to the shark until its black dorsal fin loomed above the surface of the ocean. At long last, the scene I had tried to capture on film for many years: under dawn's fiery skies, this enormous creature, as old as the sea itself, finned its way across the trackless water. As all the elements of the composition came together, I took a few shots using my motor drive. Then, with a swirl, the shark disappeared.

The basking shark boasts a lineage that started some 300 million years ago. Within the last 100 million years, its direct ancestor swam the seas. The longevity of many breeds of sharks has caused some people to say that the



I slipped alongside it and gently held its fin, which felt cold, slimy and very much alive. We rode along together for awhile; my companion tolerated my presence with seeming indifference.

shark is primitive. It is actually a well-adapted form that endures as a fine example of successful evolution.

Most fish have gas-filled swim bladders to compensate for the weight of their bony skeletons. This makes them prisoners within a fairly narrow depth range. To ascend or descend an appreciable distance, these fish must adjust the pressure in their swim bladders to prevent rupture or collapse. But the shark's cartilage makes it virtually weightless underwater, and a buoyant oil in its enormous liver balances the weight of its tissues, which consist mostly of water. The liver oil is virtually incompressible. The shark thus has no need for a swim bladder. It can fin its way along the surface one moment and plunge to the abyss the next.

Somewhere in the murky depths beneath me, the huge shark swam unseen. It might resurface at any moment—or it could vanish for months. Fortunately, the shark reappeared. I paddled after it, joined by my companions, John Erickson and Eric Little, who operate Santa Barbara Watersports, a local sea kayaking company. Both are experienced kayakers, so I had no qualms about having them accompany me. As if on cue, other basking sharks began to appear. Fins sliced the surface in every direction.

I easily recognized the shark that had tailed me at dawn by a scar on its dorsal fin. I slipped alongside it and gently held its fin, which felt cold, slimy and very much alive. We rode along together for awhile; my giant companion tolerated my presence with seeming indifference. Soon the shark slid beneath the waves.

By then the other kayakers were getting acquainted with the sharks, paddling with them or going for short rides. Some of the sharks didn't mind at all; others were rather edgy. We tried gliding quietly into their path and were rewarded by the sight of their cavernous mouths. The sharks were swimming with jaws agape, their maws big enough to engulf a barrel. The sharks' mouths shone brilliant white, in startling contrast to their gray hides. The tip of their snouts often broke the surface.

As I paddled, I recalled that the first time I saw a basking shark underwater, I could only see a vague, white shape with dark slashes heading toward me. The dark parts were gill rakers, used to strain tiny organisms from the water similar to the way that the great whales feed on plankton with their brushlike baleen plates. With its surprisingly small eyes fixed on me, the shark glided past, then disappeared into the void.



SHANE ANDERSON



PETER HOWARTH



TOM CAMPBELL

Lake CACHUMA

A Parched But Thriving Oasis

Photography by Jürgen Hilmer

“Just take a look around you,” suggests Neal Taylor, naturalist at Lake Cachuma, to a group of visitors taking a two-hour nature tour on his boat, the *Cachuma Queen*. The view is spectacular.

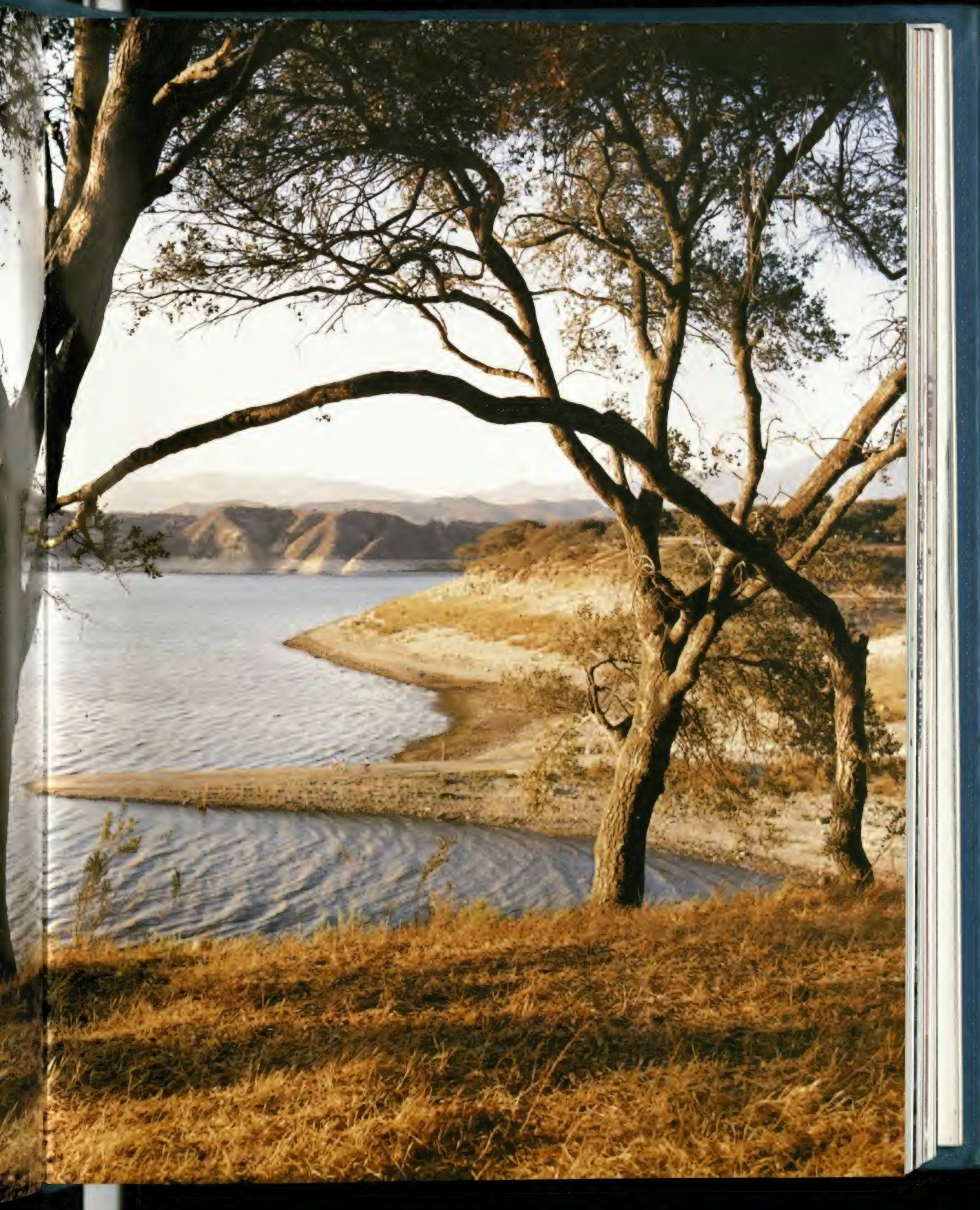


Across the placid reservoir to the north, the rugged San Rafael Mountains stand in colorful majesty over the pastoral valley. A glance in either direction brings long vistas of oak groves, meadows and rolling hills.

From the cliffs above, however, the timeless serenity of the scene disappears. It is easy to see the serious effects of three years of drought: the level of the lake, which provides 60 percent of Santa Barbara County's water, has dropped dramatically. By mid-January 1990, the level of the Santa Ynez River Valley reservoir had fallen to 683.2 feet above sea level (67.5 feet below capacity), the lowest recorded level since its official opening in 1956. Another way to interpret the amount of water in the lake is in acre feet. According to Bruce Jones, an irrigation system operator for the Bureau of Reclamation, the lake's capacity is 205,000 acre feet; as of mid-January it was at 60,000 acre feet, or 30 percent capacity.

Media reports on the desperate water situation in the past year have focused countywide attention on Cachuma. It is obvious that we all must adopt strict conservation measures to preserve our water supply as well as the pristine Cachuma parkland. Yet reports have focused mostly on the





Lake
CACHUMA







Lake CACHUMA

negative aspects of the drought, causing a decline in the number of visitors to the area. This decline in visitors directly affects the park, as it is funded only by visitor fees.

"I get calls from L.A. saying that they heard we closed down," remarks Taylor. "They see pictures of the bone-dry parts of the lake and don't realize that there's still a lake here with plenty of fishing, boating and nature-enjoyment." In spite of the drought, life at Cachuma seems to be going on as normal. "Sure, it looks like a bad situation if you just look straight down at the water from up above. From down on the lake, though, it's just as beautiful as ever," Taylor contends.

Cachuma's low water situation enables us to take a new look at the reservoir and surrounding land. The federally sponsored Cachuma Water Project began March 3, 1950, when ground was broken for the first phase, the Tecolote Tunnel. The tunnel would transport water from the lake six miles south, down to the South Coast Conduit, a system for transporting and storing water along the South Coast. The 206-foot tall Cachuma Dam (later named Bradbury Dam), formed the third phase of the project. Workers cleared the Welch Ranch to form a lakebed to hold dam overflow—present-day Lake Cachuma. All phases of the project were completed by March 1956. The lake reached capacity level in 1958.

Now that drought has exposed many parts of the lakebed, we can look closely at land that has been covered by water for more than 30 years. Now-visible fossils, artifacts and other signs of former river valley life have emerged, giving us valuable historical information. ➡



enes, beckons viewers. Educational programs take place at the Fireside Theatre and Astronomy Dome.

A nature walk or boat tour with Taylor brings Cachuma's delicate natural balance alive. Each bird, each animal, each facet of Cachuma, as Taylor notes in his talks, bears an important relationship to history and the environment. Taylor tries to tell a story or interesting fact about the

creasing numbers of bald eagles (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*). From the boat, visitors may catch a glimpse of the bald eagles and other winter visitors: Canada geese, snow geese and tundra swans.

For information about cruises on the *Cachuma Queen*, nature walks, programs at the Fireside Theater and Astronomy Dome, camping and other activities, call (805) 688-8780. ≈

ter, where they spent the spring. Fortunately for the steelhead, seasonal rains swelled the rivers and streams to provide a proper passage for the migratory runs. The Indians relied on a plant root (*amole*) to clog the trout's gills, making them easier to catch. Ironically, the Chumash named the village next to the trout-laden river "Aqitsum," meaning Constant Sign, while the Santa Ynez River flowed only seasonally—hardly a constant sign.

Recently, park officials discovered an

Santa Barbara Athletic Club – ca. 1990

Dr. Dan Ovadia and Dr. Albert Medwid celebrate one of life's successes.

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FOCUS

Eli Luria: Organizer Extraordinaire

Dedicated last September, the 52,000-square-foot Luria Library and Learning Resource Center at Santa Barbara City College bears the name of the man whose contributions and service to the community have benefited the college as well as numerous civic organizations.

Eli Luria is a local businessman whose business, Luria Development Company, has earned several "Santa Barbara Beautiful" awards during its 32 years in the area. Luria, former member of the Citizens Planning Association and the Santa Barbara County Arts Commission, founded the local chapter of the National Association of Home Builders, served as president of the local United Nations Association, and is a current member of the Riven Rock Park Homeowner's Association and the Jewish Federation. He is also a trustee of the Nuclear Age Peace Foundation. Luria recently set up the Luria Foundation to continue his generous support of community-enriching projects.

A soft-spoken, unpretentious man, Luria says that he does not consider himself a philanthropist but rather "... an organizer, which I've been all my life. I like to be involved in worthwhile things, and education is one of these. People ask me, 'Aren't you proud to have your name on the library?' Yes, I am. It's great, but that's not it. The satisfaction really comes from creating something ... you visualize it, and then see it come to fruition."

Born and raised in Washington, D.C., Luria grew up in a family of builders. He attended George Washington University and Corcoran Art School, then graduated from UCLA in 1945 with a degree in art and history. Luria and one of his brothers ran Luria Brothers Development in Arlington, Virginia, from 1945 to 1953. He moved here from Los Angeles in 1955, bringing the business, which he renamed Luria Development Company, with him. The company ceased its building projects in 1972.

That same year, Luria co-chaired a successful City College bond issue drive to acquire land to expand the

West Campus, where the new library is located. Participating in Adult Education classes some twenty years ago first sparked Luria's interest in the college. After his wife Leatrice took a ceramics class (she now designs and produces pottery in her Montecito studio), Luria decided to take some art courses, too. Highly impressed with the program, Luria began his long and fruitful association with the college.

A past president of the Adult Education Advisory Board, he helped the school acquire the property for the Schott Center and donated money for the center's pottery building. Appointed to the Board of Trustees of Santa Barbara City College in 1976, Luria is currently the vice-president and puts his building and design talents to work on the board's facilities committee. In addition, he is a co-founder and board member of the eight-year-old Santa Barbara City College Foundation, which raises matching funds for state-funded projects. Luria and his wife contributed generously to the \$1.2 million dollar capital fund for the library facility, raised under the lead-

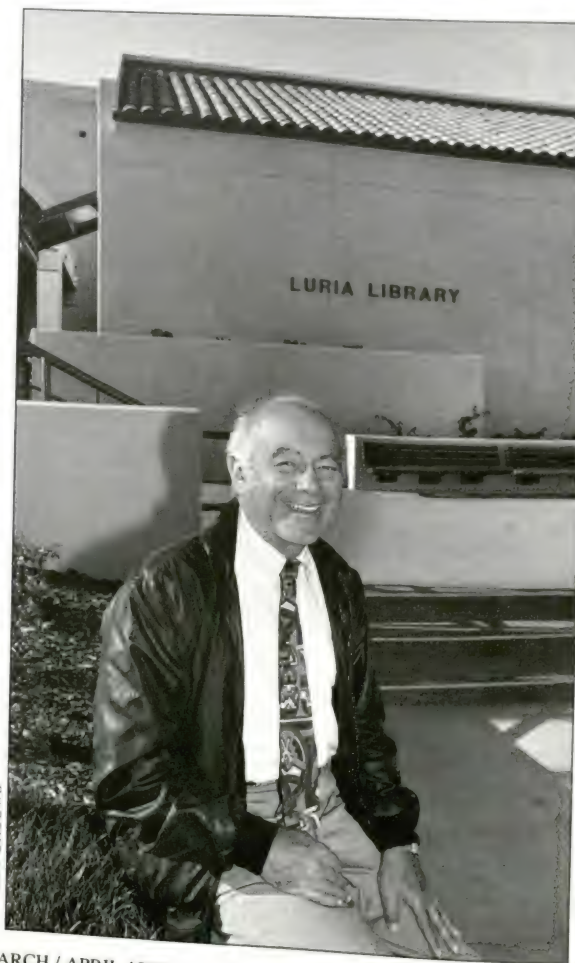
ership of Helen Pedotti.

Luria's background in art—he still paints watercolors and oils—and his fervent interest in education have led him to active involvement with the Santa Barbara Museum of Art (SBMA). Now in his second year on the board of trustees, Luria is enthusiastic about the board's current plans to renovate the McCormick House, located on the corner of Santa Barbara and Arrellaga streets. The house, which Mrs. Stanley McCormick gave to the museum twenty years ago, will be the site of an educational center and possibly a children's art gallery.

When asked to name his favorite project, Luria smiles and answers "What I'm doing, really." A good listener, Luria soaks up information, sorts it and finally speaks with calm clarity. He is a unique mix of visionary and pragmatist and the master of his boundless energy. "I think we should concentrate on how we are going to accomplish what we want ... and DO it," he asserts. "Whatever time we live, we're fortunate. There are so many wonderful

things in this world. The [City College] library is an example of how people can use their energies and get together in a constructive way. We all did it—the staff, the faculty, other trustees—I was just a part of it. Everybody became enthusiastic ... and we did something beautiful."

Indeed. The Luria Library and Learning Resource Center, designed by Grant Pedersen Phillips Architects, rests on a bluff overlooking the Pacific Ocean. A handsome display of Japanese folk art, lent by local collector Henry Huglin, is on exhibit in the foyer. From the expansive reading lounge one can relish the spectacular views and enjoy the wonderful artwork, on loan through the SBMA's "Arts in Public Places" program. The interior of the two-story building is painted in soft hues of mauve, burgundy and pearl gray; wall-to-wall carpeting absorbs noise and special parabolic deflectors eliminate glare from the overhead lighting. The facility, which serves 11,000 students, features many individual study carrels and rooms for group study as well as special rooms



JEFF BROUWS

By Ellen Kelley

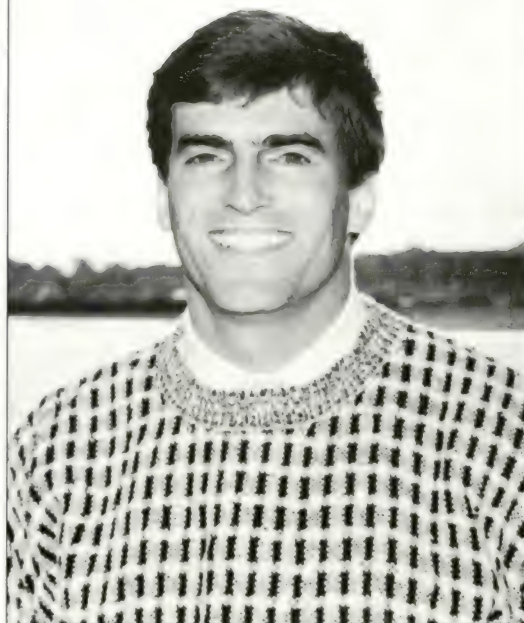
for typing and word processing. Xerox, microfiche, microfilm and computerized periodical index machines are also available for the students. Ample room is available on the shelves for the 3,000 or so books that are added to the 77,000-volume collection each year. Library secretary Donna Cobb explains that a fully automated computer system of cataloging will be installed in 1990 to replace the card catalogue, and that there is expanded work space, storage and a lounge for the library's staff of eleven, which is headed by David Kiley.

The west wing of the facility houses the Learning Resource Center. Using the latest in high-tech equipment, the center provides students with myriad services. Directed by Trish Dupart, the Learning Assistance Center is full of tapes, slides, records, videos and filmstrips; it is a media library for the entire campus. The Computer Assisted Instruction department contains Macintosh computers and laser printers to aid students in their course work. Additional services for the students include writing labs, directed by Art Albanese, and a tutorial program. Alyce Steidler directs the Reading Study Skills service. The Learning Resource Center buzzes with activity, and the students love it. "Now that we're under one roof, we're really a unit," Dupart explains. "Students utilize both the library and learning center facilities more."

Luria is especially pleased with the cooperation between the Santa Barbara Museum of Art and Santa Barbara City College. "Art expert Terry Atkinson helped design the interior. The artwork was selected and placed by Terry," Luria says proudly. Atkinson, a SBMA designer, notes that plans for adding artwork to the building and ongoing international exhibits for the main entry are currently in progress. It is this combination of individual talents, working in concert, that "makes life worthwhile," says Luria. "I think that more and more, we are one world and we're beginning to realize that. We depend on each other. Maybe survival in the long run will be the motivating force to work in a cooperative way." ≈

Ellen Kelley is a free-lance writer based in Santa Barbara.

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THE BACK PAGE

By Jeff Sanders

The Art of Crossing International Borders

For most travelers, short delays in clearing customs are just a minor annoyance, a simple tradeoff—the price paid for visiting faraway lands.

But for me it's different. I fit a certain physical profile; I have a look that lies somewhere between international terrorist and drug smuggler. My border crossings become adventures that generally resemble bad television shows, where guards slice bars of soap in half and passports disappear behind closed doors.

While my mother may still hold images of a scrub-faced baby boy, border guards the world over look at me as though the terrorist name Hezbollah is tattooed on my forehead. This is neither paranoia nor embellishment. It is simply the reality of a man who may be the only person in history ever to have undergone a search for drugs on the way into Mexico.

Officials have waved assault forces of outlaw bikers across the Rio Grande so as not to miss the chance to spend the afternoon removing the door panels and hubcaps from my car.

Italian security police have probed my suitcases for false bottoms and examined the heels of my shoes, while I waited patiently.

Caribbean customs agents have ensured the economic stability

of the tropics by squeezing my expensive suntan lotion onto counter tops, while simultaneously x-raying "suspicious" collections of seashells.

Still, I have come to accept my fate graciously. I occasionally pity crestfallen guards who are sure that they have apprehended the next French Connection, only to end up searching my dirty laundry. I have tried to take advantage of these interruptions by using the time to observe fellow detained travelers (guards always save me for last), hoping to learn why they, too, were singled out for special treatment. Like Newton with his laws of actions and reactions, I have discovered universal laws that govern clearing customs. Some are major, others are trivial, but once set in motion, there is no escape. There are only lost hours, and the zenlike experience of repacking your suitcase while balancing it on one knee.

The first law of clearing customs: Never act civil, never act pleasant—customs officials perceive any attempt to relate to

tactic while she examined the remains of a mysteriously broken vase. They will assume that you are guilty and detain you.

The second law of clearing customs: Always declare something. The phrase "Nothing to declare," sparks more curiosity at an international border than you can believe. Guards will immediately lose interest in the guy standing behind you in line with the black eye patch and silver earring and begin bombarding you with questions about when and where you purchased everything in your possession: "Can you prove that you bought that pen in Milwaukee? Can you produce a receipt for your camera?"

The third law of clearing customs: Never visit a drug-producing country for only one day. For instance, fight the impulse to plan your itinerary so that you can spend six hours viewing the pyramids in Guatemala before continuing to Mexico. An in-and-out passport stamp is the same as asking the nearest guard where you can buy rolling papers. That one-day side trip may be a chance to buy quaint souvenirs, but it can also mean the humbling experience of a body search.

The fourth law of clearing customs: Don't pack anything weird. Any item purchased from a health food store or the Sharper Image catalog can qualify as weird. A border guard's



them as suspicious. They spend their days dealing with an irritable, impatient public and if greeted with a big smile and a "How's it going?", they will respond the way your mother did when you employed the same



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BY DESIGN

The Solstice Poster: An Enduring Legacy

Santa Barbara's unique Summer Solstice parade began as a celebratory birthday romp. This personal celebration, which took place in May 1974 with only three participants, has evolved into one of the community's most highly visible annual gatherings. The celebration's widespread popularity is a tribute to Michael Gonzales, the parade's founder, and to the many dedicated organizers who shared Gonzales' spirit and love of life.

The posters and T-shirts that promote the Summer Solstice parade and celebration are now a part of Santa Barbara's culture. Do you know any Santa Barbaran who has *not* purchased at least one T-shirt or poster in the parade's history? Some of these mementos have even become collectable art. Each year residents look forward to seeing the designs chosen to represent this event.



1978 by Jodi De Marcos



1977 by Michael Gonzales



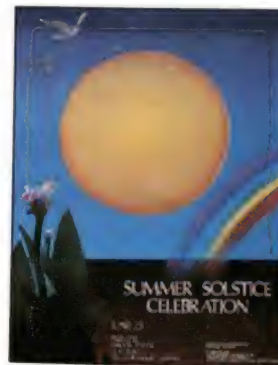
1980 by Michael Gonzales

The Mime Caravan, joined forces with Michael Felcher, producer of a local summer solstice music festival that did not allow motorized vehicles, animals, logos or written words. Dr. Ronald Alexander, an intimate friend of Gonzales', comments, "For Michael, the parade was just part of the whole feeling he had toward the solstice celebration. He was a combination of visual artist and performer and was most interested in those moments of contact between the participants and the observers. It was the whole process of getting the community together—using bits of cloth, tinfoil or lamé—to make an expression about the joy and excitement of living."

Jodi De Marcos, a member of The Mime Caravan, fondly recalls those early days: "There were many unsung heroes from those years who kept the dream of a summer solstice celebration alive, but so much credit has to be given to Michael. He had organized The Mime Caravan along with John Burnett, and I remember dressing up and dancing up the sidewalk. People were not too sure who we were or what we were about. Still, even though we were just a few, we were extraordinarily confident. That was part of Michael's gift—he could sense the artistry in each individual and pick them like flowers to form a beautiful bouquet. That's what he wanted from

rade" up the sidewalks of State Street to celebrate his birthday, he undoubtedly had no idea of the impact that celebration would have. The next year they invited a few more friends to join in the fun.

In 1976, Gonzales and his performing arts group,



1979 by Michael Gonzales



1981 by Michael Gonzales

moved from the sidewalk to one lane of State Street and eventually the parade became several blocks long.

A respected artist whose work has appeared in shows honoring poster art from such renowned artists as David Hockney and David Lance Goines, Gonzales is attributed with much of the Summer Solstice spirit and philosophy that exists today.

After creating the celebration's second flyer in 1977 (which he co-designed with Felcher), Gonzales asked De Marcos to design the first official Summer Solstice poster in 1978. Says De Marcos, "Everything The Mime Caravan did, we produced ourselves. Also, everyone in the group was not only a performing artist, but had experience in another medium as well, so I undertook the role of designing a poster, since I was a graphic artist. But of course we had no money to do a silkscreen or produce a poster in a traditional way. I called my poster "doodle art," since the design had to be kept simple. All the color separations were cut out by hand and merely overlaid by the printer. Nevertheless, I wanted to show the exhilaration and energy that we felt as an artists' group—as well as our common bond. That is why all the figures are joined, even

solstice—to reflect the varied colors and energies of the artists in the city." As the parade grew, participants



1982 by Michael Gonzales



1983 by Michael Gonzales



1984 by Jesse Reinhart



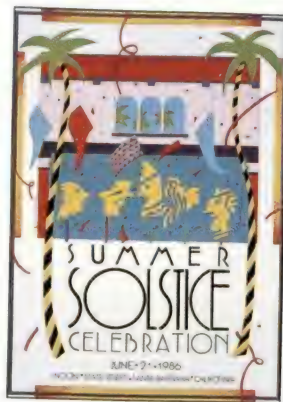
1985 by Marge Dunlap

though they are facing different directions. The clown in the

1983, Michael used Jenny Sullivan, a friend and fellow artist, as a model. The

poster design, which is not a portrait of Sullivan, combines Gonzales' artistic styles—a realistic figure depicted with bold strokes of impressionistic color and abstract designs. While Gonzales' posters for the 1982 and 1983 parades did not sell out at the time, they have become increasingly popular collector's items over the years.

Gonzales relinquished his role as pa-



1986 by Joan Gallagher

by the board of directors, has chosen the work of such notable Santa Barbara artists as Marge Dunlap, Judith Geiger and Chip Rowley to commemorate Summer Solstice. The committee now sponsors separate competitions for T-shirts and posters. Winners receive \$250 and samples of the T-shirt or poster.

Solstice board member Naomi Ramieri-Hall explains that separating the T-shirt and poster competitions gives the committee more freedom in selecting a design. "After

all," she notes, "something that makes a wonderful T-shirt is not necessarily the best choice for a poster. Also, we have to remember that this is an artists' medium, not a designers'."

Though the Solstice committee always hopes for an appealing design that will sell, they are accustomed to controversy. "Everyone has such a personal attach-



1986 by Judith Geiger



1988 by Scott Stitch



1989 by Chip Rowley

rade coordinator in 1984 in order to devote more time to his growing career as an artist. That year, parade supporters formed a board of directors, which created the first Summer Solstice poster competition.

Over 80,000 people attend the annual Solstice celebration, which operates on a budget of over \$100,000. A 22-member board of directors organizes the workshops and oversees the parade. "It takes 365 days of work from a great many dedicated people to produce those few hours of spontaneity," notes Villadson.

Posters and T-shirts generate the revenues for the Summer Solstice celebration. Over the years, the Solstice committee, which is selected

ment to the Solstice poster each year that there is always a division about who likes it or who doesn't. Of course we want to sell the posters, but we also want to keep each year fresh and different," explains Ramieri-Hall. For that reason, poster designs are selected by a new committee



1990 by Jamie Gardner

drawing was Michael, since that was his typical costume for the parade, and John Burnett is the figure in the sombrero."

From 1979 to 1983, Gonzales designed five posters; those representing 1978, 1979 and 1981 are considered the rarest and most collectable of all the Solstice posters. "One of the most important things to remember about those early years and the importance of the posters is that before 1982, the parade had no media coverage. The posters were the sole way of letting the public know what was happening and when," says David Villadson, member of the Solstice board of directors.

Gonzales' designs reflected the evolution of the increasingly popular event. As Alexander notes, "Michael was an exceptionally versatile artist, and his style evolved along with the parade—some years he would be working in a more realistic style, others he would be totally abstract. And that would be reflected in the poster. Also, I believe that Michael never wanted the design to become 'standard' or stagnant, so he would go in a completely different direction from one year to the next."

By all accounts, Gonzales consistently challenged himself to keep each poster fresh and unique. Producing a new idea for the poster became especially difficult after 1981, when the poster sold out completely before the parade—a hard act to follow. "I think people were shocked by the 1982 poster with its abstract swirls of color—especially after the more realistic painting from 1981. As Solstice approached and the deadline for the poster design neared, Michael would lock himself in his studio for several days and work and work, finally emerging with an idea that satisfied him," recalls Alexander. In

Mediterranean Magic

By Joan Bolton

A HUMMINGBIRD, ITS IRIDESCENT FEATHERS GLISTENING in the sunlight, darts from one scarlet bloom to another. Nearby, honeybees alight on shrubs blanketed in lavender blossoms. Throughout



this verdant garden, small, living things hum, buzz, creep and go about their daily routines against a backdrop of color and greenery.

This scene is a dramatic contrast to the parched landscapes of the South Coast. It is one of a number of thriving gardens sprinkled among the many faded patches. When taking refuge within their borders, one may easily forget the unpleasantly

brown neighboring properties, the result of a full-scale drought that has recently gripped our county.

These special gardens are drought-tolerant landscapes, or xeriscapes. They require little or no watering during most of the year and take on a variety of shapes, textures, forms and hues. Their unifying theme lies in the plants' ability to grow vigorously with little or no water. Even in the driest periods of summer, they may need no more than a single deep soak a month.

Although environmentally conscious people have been installing these landscapes for years, many people have been slow to make the change. The drought is a major incentive. Endless gardens of dead and dying vegetation are tarnishing Santa Barbara's paradisaean reputation. On a more personal level, watching one's own lawn, flowers and shrubs shrivel into drabness is demoralizing to even the most casual gardener. The alternative—using more than one's water allocation, then shelling out hundreds of dollars in fines—is hardly reasonable and is often illegal.

To the uninitiated, the term "drought tolerant" often evokes the image of a few cacti stuck in white gravel. That image is a far cry from the attractive and colorful drought-tolerant gardens that are popping up all over Santa Barbara. Increasingly, people are ripping out lawns and other water-guzzling growth, then replacing them with native or exotic plants that are better suited to our Mediterranean climate of cool, wet winters and warm, dry summers. Owners of new homes are also blending drought-tolerant plants with oak-studded, natural landscapes and installing so-

Dennis Shaw had two main things in mind when he designed the landscape for this Mediterranean-style home in Montecito: the owners' desire to conserve water and the area's heavy exposure to sunlight.

Shaw chose plants from Mediterranean climates for their colors and because they suited the architecture. He ended up creating "rooms of color."

PHOTOS BY JÜRGEN HILMEB

gic





VERBASCUM BOMBYCIFERUM



phisticated irrigation systems.

The choices are astounding. Specialty nurseries are full of new drought-tolerant plants from around the world. Local landscape designers, architects and contractors say that despite the serious implications of the water shortage—and despite giving up some popular thirsty plants, such as fuchsias and azaleas—this is an exhilarating time for horticulturists and landscapers.

"There are so many beautiful plants," says landscape architect Katie O'Reilly Rogers. "For every high-water-use plant, I can substitute a low-water-use plant that will serve the exact same function with the exact same color."

In her fourth year as a member of Santa Barbara's Architectural Board of Review, Rogers helped write the city's new landscaping standards, which ban lawns in all new commercial projects and limit turf and other thirsty plants to no more than 20 percent of the landscaping around new residences.

Like all the experts, Rogers points to lawns as the worst culprit. The numbers are sobering: an acre of turf generally consumes two to three acre feet of water per year; mature, drought-tolerant plants covering the same area typically require no more than one acre foot per year.

In renovating landscapes, Rogers' axe first falls at the curb. "There is absolutely no reason to have a lawn in a front yard," she declares. Rogers ticks off a lawn's high water use; expensive, time-consuming maintenance; and monotony to substantiate her claim.

"Lawn is one color and one texture," she says. "Put in plants that are fascinating so that you'll want to be in the garden."

That is not to say Rogers completely does away with lawns. But she relegates them to small, back-yard play areas.

Rogers recently began working for landscape architect George Girvin, whose clients generally spend \$300,000 to \$1.5 million to landscape new homes or redesign gardens. (His firm also designs or reestablishes native vegetation in large, public spaces, including Las Positas Park and the Bird Refuge.)

Girvin allows that some clients "really like the feeling of an expansive lawn. If they were brought up in the Northwest or back East, landscape to them is that large, vast lawn."

For people who are facing horrendous fines, yet are unwilling to remove sweeping vistas of turf, Girvin suggests withholding the water altogether. In wetter times, he explains, "they can go

Left: Planted in 1983, this simple, Japanese-style garden is one of two drought-tolerant gardens designed by Isabelle Greene for this Montecito home. Below: Susan Van Atta used blue-grey ground cover to extend the color of the existing cedar tree, and juniper, adding to the property's "piney feeling." The landscape has no irrigation system.



back, thatch the lawn, reseed it, mulch it and it will come back."

Girvin's other approach is probably more attractive to homeowners. Girvin divvies the landscape into three water-use categories: low for natives and succulents on drip irrigation; medium for many ground covers, shrubs and trees; and high for turf. "The tradeoff is that the more lawn you have, the less water you're going to have for the other areas," he explains.

Girvin selects plants based on the owners' preferences, topography and the architecture.

"We try to design gardens where we borrow from the surrounding landscape," he says. "If you have a view of the mountains and that view includes some great rock outcroppings, we bring the same rock outcroppings into the garden to make it feel like the garden is much bigger."

In addition to the boulders and terrain that nature may have provided, Girvin retains or brings in native oak, manzanita and *ceanothus*. These rugged trees and shrubs shrug off pests and diseases and require little supplemental watering or upkeep.

"Half the gardens we do, people take care of themselves," Girvin says. "It may cost them up front, where they solve drainage problems, put in a proper irrigation system with a controller, amend their soils properly and select the right plant material. . . . If those things are done properly at the beginning, then the garden matures really well. You're not selecting plant material that you have to clip, trim, mow, mulch and water heavily."

Drip irrigation is a key element of drought-tolerant gardening. It releases a slow, steady flow of water to pro-

vide the deep soak that drought-tolerant plants need to help their roots penetrate the ground. Emitters lie above ground, directly around each plant: the technique uses far less water than above-ground sprinklers, which indiscriminately irrigate bare earth between plants. The resulting dry spots also discourage weeds from sprouting before the plants fill in.

Not all drip systems are the mess of unsightly, black tubes crisscrossing the earth that one might imagine. Gardeners commonly bury the tubing or cover it with mulch. Other than flourishing plants, little evidence of watering exists.

Landscape architect Susan Van Atta also relies on drip irrigation in her residential and commercial designs. She says mid-range landscape architects typically charge homeowners \$50 to \$75 per hour or bill a flat project rate, while commercial fees are





This drought-tolerant garden was planted in 1984 on the same property as the Japanese-style garden. Using subtle-colored plantings, Isabelle Greene created eye-pleasing textures and patterns in this terraced landscape, designed to be viewed from the house, which sits above it. The stones that Greene incorporated into one portion of the landscape are intended to represent a running stream.

B. DEWEY

JURGEN HILMER



LAVENDER STOECHAS

usually higher. Landscape architects must pass a licensing examination following several years of extensive schooling and practical experience. They often design large, commercial projects and deal with structural problems, such as slope stability and retaining walls. Van Atta specializes in drought-tolerant, California native plants, which she actively promotes. She gives lectures at the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden and Goleta Water District's annual

xeriscape conferences, and serves as president of the Community Environmental Council's board of directors.

"It's not a crusade thing for me," she insists. "It has to do more with appropriate landscaping, since there are just countless beautiful plant materials that do well in our normal climate."

Van Atta often uses *ceanothus*, manzanita and Western red-bud. "I feel like I really know them because I've done so much hiking and have seen them growing where they grow normally," she says. "They can be incorporated into anything. I don't use them to create the native landscape, necessarily."

Van Atta says that the trend toward drought-tolerant plants has made her work easier because wholesale nurseries are propagating more California natives than ever. She doubts, however, that retail nurseries will completely change over.

"Natives don't look good in containers for very long," Van Atta explains. "One of the reasons they're drought tolerant is that they have very well-developed root systems that fill a container with little top growth showing."

But given a proper home—good soil, drip irrigation and mulch—these tiny plants should fill out just as well as the thirsty plants that look pretty at the outset.

For areas such as lawns, where sprinklers are still a must, proper water management goes a long way toward cutting consumption, according to Van Atta. "If your sprinklers come on at night or when you are gone, a broken head can be shooting out geysers and you may not realize it."

Landscape contractor Owen Dell agrees that the sprinkler problem is widespread. "The best sprinkler system, head to head coverage, perfectly designed, no wind factor, is going to be 70 percent efficient," he claims. "The worst? Maybe 30 percent, 20 percent. . . . You would do better to go out and hand water in some cases."

As an example of the importance of good sprinkler-system management, Dell cites clients from Montecito who paid \$2,000



Sam Maphis wanted a "simple, clean design" for this contemporary home. He created a lush oasis near the house and used drought-tolerant plantings in the outskirts

in fines. They had been watering two or three times a week, Dell remarks, "just drenching the property."

Yet the gardens contained mature, drought-tolerant juniper, bougainvillea and oleander. Dell recalls, "I just went in and turned off the [sprinkler] clocks." In no time, the bill dropped to less than \$40. "That's management. They already had a xeriscape."

As owner of County Landscape & Supply, Dell has been designing and installing drought-tolerant gardens for nearly twenty years. Landscape contractors are licensed to install irrigation, lighting, plants and certain garden structures, usually for residences. For wholesale revisions of a "typical" yard, including removing lawn, Dell estimates that costs start at two to three dollars per square foot.

"I have a reputation as the guy who goes out and kills lawns," Dell says with a grin, adding that he has gone from putting in several hundred lawns a year during wetter times to only two small lawns last year.

"Landscaping was always just an aesthetic thing," Dell continues. "All of a sudden, we're running our business based on helping people to survive economically and keep their property values up and still have a yard."

For starters, Dell recommends turning off all sprinkler clocks, then activating the systems only when the plants show stress.

"For example, *achillea*, the yarrow, will start to wilt and lose some of its sheen," Dell explains. "With turf, if you walk across it and turn around and your footprints haven't sprung back up, then that lawn is thirsty."

Drought-tolerant plants with leathery leaves need water when their older leaves turn yellow or drop off. "Other plants will turn their leaves in and away from the sun. Or the leaves will fold in on one another," Dell adds.

Landscape designer Lynn Woodbury notes additional ways that xerophytic plants have adapted to drought. Some have fuzzy leaves, which retain water, thus boosting the humidity directly around the plant and slowing water loss. Silver plants reflect sunlight, which keeps the leaves cooler and reduces their need for water.

Woodbury specializes in succulents and other drought-tolerant plants. She teaches at the Botanic Garden and through Adult Education. Like Dell, she generally renovates gardens for existing homes. Woodbury estimates that her project fees generally start at \$2,000. Her clients often help with the work to reduce overall costs. As a designer, Woodbury is not licensed and works only with plant material—she refers irrigation, walkways and other structural projects to landscape contractors or architects.

Woodbury strives for year-round color, sometimes changing the color scheme during different seasons. "In summer, your emphasis might be on yellow and purple plants and then in win-



WM. B. DEWEY



JURGEN HILMER

ter, it might be shades of pink and lavender," she says. "You get a better sense of the changing seasons. Instead of just brown grass or green grass, depending on if it's winter or spring."

People are pleasantly surprised to discover the variety of turf alternatives, Woodbury points out. "I do a lot of theme gardens—things like cut-flower gardens, succulent gardens, hummingbird gardens and edible gardens. They can all be drought tolerant."

Even tropical landscapes can be water conserving. Woodbury sometimes starts with colorful bougainvillea or bird of paradise, then adds shrubs, trees and vines with large leaves and green foliage, staying away from the more xerophytic-looking silver or blue plants.

As for succulents, she adds that some clients shy away because of stickers. "People are afraid of things like prickly pears and giant agaves with good reason." Instead, Woodbury chooses smaller, more manageable plants, or places those that might prick and sting away from paths or patios.

Woodbury stresses proper soil preparation. "A lot of drought-tolerant plants are drought tolerant because they're able to put down a good, strong, deep root system," Woodbury says. "If they can't get through the soil for whatever reason—poor nutrition, lack of water or heavy soil—they're never going to be able to develop that root system. And you may indeed not have a drought-tolerant plant."

Creating fertile soil that drains well and allows deep root development should be every local gardener's primary goal. In sandy soils, the goal is to get the soil to hold the moisture a bit longer. In clay, the goal is to break up the soil to allow the roots to breathe.

Coping with the drought has proven difficult. In the past, rolling out a sod lawn and plopping in a few azaleas or other thirsty ornamentals around the edges required little work and gave instant gratification.

Now that nature has denied us that instant gratification, converting a landscape to a garden filled with appropriate plants seems a sensible solution. But the same vast selection of plants that excites horticulturists may bewilder someone who simply



WM. B. DEWEY

wants to conserve water.

Several forms of help are inexpensive: local water districts provide free pamphlets, while the Botanic Garden and Adult Education offer lectures and classes for a nominal fee.

But the actual installation of a drought-tolerant garden, beyond letting the lawn turn brown or adjusting watering habits, can be costly and complicated. Having a lush Santa Barbara landscape now exacts a price.

Yet as many people have already discovered, the price is well worth it.

Installing a xeriscape has enabled them to conserve water as well as improve their gardens and gain outdoor living space. These forerunners in what the experts proclaim is the future of Santa Barbara horticulture are setting fine examples for drought-conscious residents.

Frequent contributor Joan Bolton recently ripped out her Bermuda lawn and installed a drought-tolerant front yard.

Above left: Isabelle Greene designed this colorful, water-conserving landscape for Montecito Water District's demonstration garden. Above: The area's heavy winds and poor soil were Owen Dell's primary considerations when planting this spa area. He used many unusual and imported drought-tolerant plants around the boulder outcroppings.

Spikers in the Sand

By Torrie Dorrell



Dan Setnik jumps high to spike the ball at an East Beach professional volleyball tournament. Above: Sand flies as Mike Dodd and John Hanley battle at the net.



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For taller players like
(blocking) and Mike D

East Beach is the best place in the world to play beach ball. . . . The abundance of well-groomed courts and the etiquette you see down there is indicative of how great a volleyball town Santa Barbara is."



For taller players like Tim Hovland (top), Jay Hanseth (blocking) and Mike Dodd, the action is high at the net.

Nobody knows exactly when the sport of beach volleyball began in Santa Barbara. As far as most people are concerned, it is an integral part of the community—like the ocean, the fog and the cypress trees. Drive past East Beach on a sunny day—or even a cloudy one—and you will invariably see a volleyball flying over every net. Paul Hodgert, the recreation supervisor of aquatics for the city of Santa Barbara, estimates that about 250 people play volleyball at East Beach on any given weekend day—not a surprising figure.

Beach volleyball is as much a part of Santa Barbara as golf is a part of Palm Springs. The two seem to have been made for each other. "Santa Barbara is one of the best places anywhere to play volleyball. You have that picture-perfect setting—the grass, the trees and the ocean, which in itself is something very special. You don't see this anywhere else," says Sinjin Smith, the most successful professional beach volleyball player in the history of the sport and a frequent visitor to the Santa Barbara courts. Anybody who has ever touched a volleyball would certainly agree—especially those who have been part of Santa Barbara's beach volleyball scene for years.

Santa Barbara has produced some of the sport's greatest players: from Rich Riffero and Henry Bergmann, who were among the very best in the late '60s and early '70s to John Hanley and two-time indoor volleyball Olympian Karch Kiraly. Both athletes ranked among the top ten money leaders last season. Hanley's sister Kathy has long been a force on the women's tour, along with Lisa and Kelly Strand—"The Twins." Kathy Gregory, perhaps the best known female beach volleyball player in the United States and currently indoor volleyball coach at UCSB, is also a Santa Barbaran.

Though many Santa Barbarans play beach volleyball just for the pure fun of it, some—including those named above—have managed to earn money while they are at it. Beach volleyball became a professional sport in 1974, when the first World Championship, which had a first prize of \$5,000, took place at Will Rogers State Beach in Pacific Palisades. Fourteen



MOGO AVTRY



COURTESY PAUL JORDGERT

years later in San Diego, the José Cuervo Gold Crown Tournament offered a purse of \$100,000. This significant rise in tournament prize money makes professional beach volleyball a lucrative career for the top players.

Last year for example, Smith won nearly \$150,000 in prize money, which accounted for only a small portion of his income. In addition to the profits he receives from Sideout, a beachwear company he owns with his partners, Smith is paid to endorse the companies that sponsor him in tournaments. In addition, he and his family own a successful retail store in Santa Monica that sells beach volleyball clothing and equipment exclusively. When asked how many people actually make a living playing beach ball, he replied, "Well, how much constitutes 'a living?' To some people, \$30,000 a year is a living." The top 17 players made at least that much in '89. A total of \$2.5 million is up for grabs this season. Prime Ticket will televise every tournament. NBC will televise Miller Lite's U.S. Championships. International stops include Brazil, Japan, Italy

and Australia.

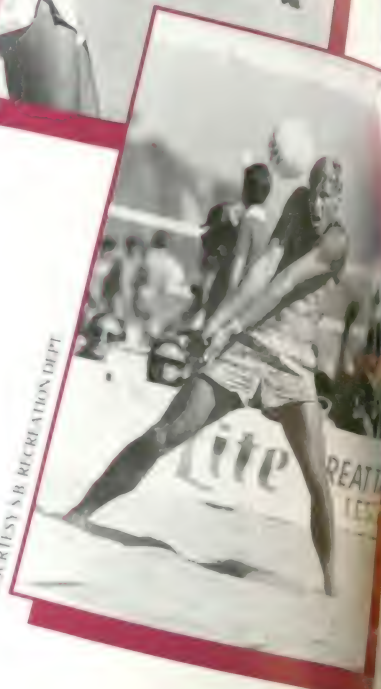
In other words, beach volleyball is big business. This was not always the case, though. The sport and its monetary rewards have changed significantly over the years. Just four years ago, a marketing coordinator for Miller Lite said, "I've heard the figure \$50,000 per tournament bandied about by the players. There is simply no way that they're going to see it. There is no way a sponsor is going to put up that kind of money for one event." This season, Miller Lite offers between \$50,000 and \$150,000 per tournament. The popularity of beach volleyball as a spectator sport has increased considerably worldwide; companies are now more than willing to take advantage of the widespread visibility.

With purses of \$25,000 to \$50,000 per tournament for a season total of close to half a million dollars and a contract with ESPN, the women's professional beach volleyball tour is right on the heels of the men's.

Though not always highly paid like Smith, beach volleyball players have



COURTESY SCHIRMAN



COURTESY S.B. RECREATION DEPT

Smith is the most successful professional beach volleyball player in the history of the sport and is a frequent visitor to the Santa Barbara courts. Right: Santa Barbara native Lisa Strand jumped fourth last year in the women's professional beach volleyball circuit. Above: Long-time partners Ron and Negin and Ron Lang (opposite) dominated historic California's beach volleyball scene during the 1970s and '80s.

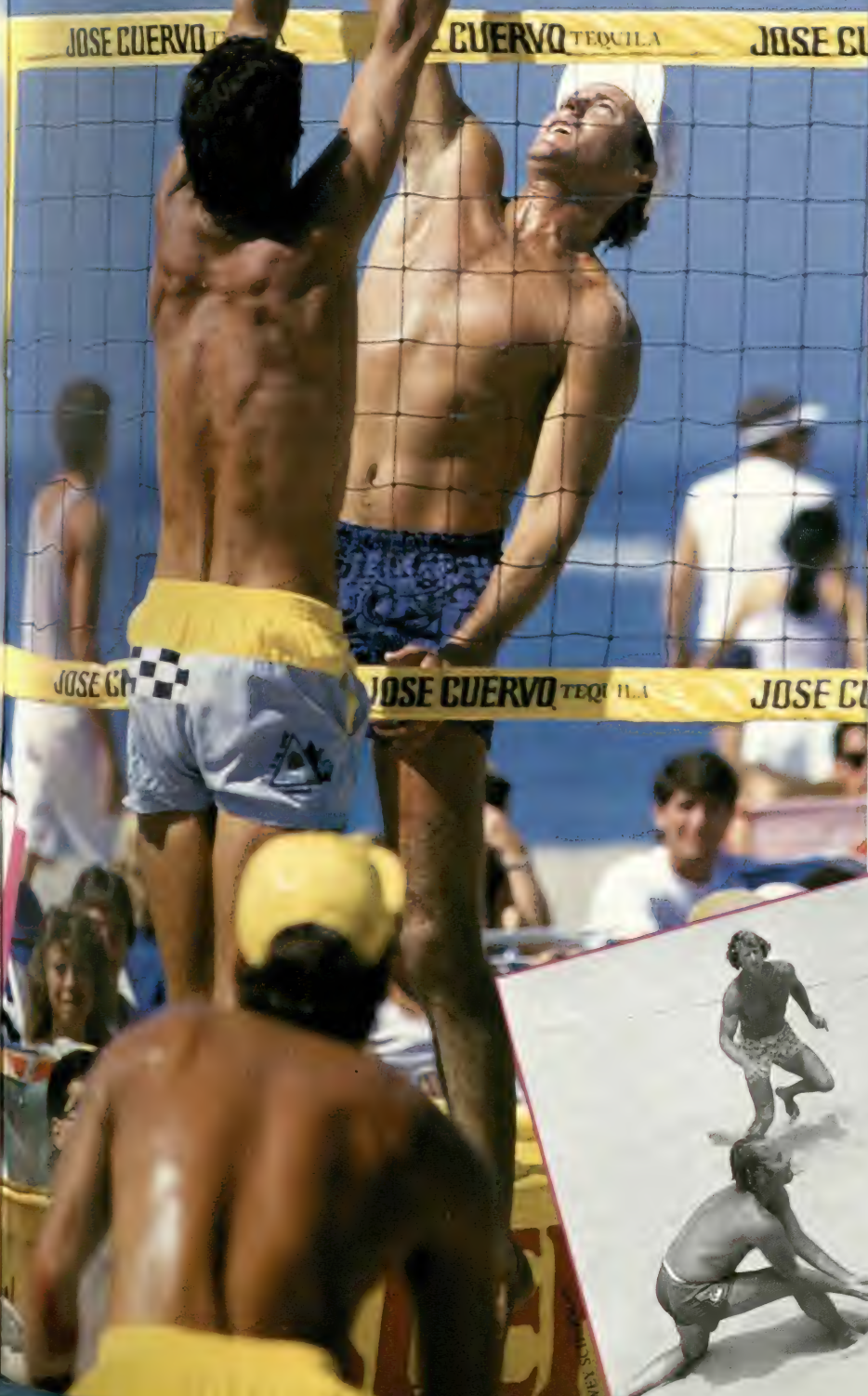


Photo Courtesy: The California State Archives

Tournament of Champions at Leadbetter Beach. Right: Kathy Hanley (foreground), one of Santa Barbara's top women players, watches her partner hit during a tournament at Hermosa Beach. Far right: Karch Kiraly fools a blocker during tournament play. Bottom left: Known for his tremendous spiking, Henry Bergmann was Santa Barbara's dominant player in the '60s and early '70s. Bottom right: Current UCSB volleyball coach Kathy Gregory has won more beach volleyball tournament titles than any other woman. An ESPN commentator for all of the women's volleyball tournaments, Gregory is pictured here with commentator Lyn Shackelford.





DOUG AVERY

always been passionate about their sport. In Santa Barbara, a beach volleyball mecca from the word "serve," there are a few people around town who remember the "good old days."

Recreation supervisor Hodgert has had an office in the Cabrillo Bathhouse for over twenty years. Today, Hodgert spots the same group of men who played in front of the Bathhouse two decades ago bumping the ball around a court at East Beach. He remembers the early days well.

"When I first started, we had three courts right in front of the Bathhouse and we ran one tournament. After a few years, we moved the courts down to East Beach. It was ideal—that long stretch of grass, the trees, the wind protection from the point—and over time we put in more nets to meet the demand. Now we have fourteen nets at East Beach and five at Leadbetter, and we hold about seven tournaments."

Another person who has long been part of the city's volleyball world is top star Kathy Gregory. After winning over 105 tournaments and two world championships, forty-four-year-old Gregory recently retired from the women's professional beach volleyball circuit. She coached the women's UCSB volleyball team to post-season competition in each of the fourteen years she has been with the university. As one of the first coaches to ignore what is now considered a misconception—that indoor players should not play beach volleyball—Gregory has always encouraged her indoor players to play with her at East Beach.

"To me, this sort of cross-training is fundamental to learning all-around volleyball skills," says Gregory. "A lot of my players have gone on to do very well on the beach circuit. As a matter of fact, a lot of the women on the Olympic team are playing on the beach tour full time."

An ESPN commentator for all the women's tournaments and some men's events, Gregory recently became the third woman to be inducted into the Volleyball Hall of Fame. She is still a major inspiration for Santa Barbara's rising female beach volleyball stars.

The Strand twins are among the best female players to come out of Santa Barbara in recent years. True natives, Lisa and Kelly are shining examples of their environment.

"We weren't allowed to play on the volleyball team until ninth grade, so we started playing on the beach where Warren [their older brother] hung out," says Lisa of her introduction to the sport. "The competition level at East Beach has always been good, which really made a difference in our indoor game. When we finally started playing on our junior high team, we were much more advanced than the other girls."

Kelly is a volleyball coach in Northern California, while Lisa still plays on the women's professional beach volleyball circuit. Ranked fourth last year, she and her partner (almost all beach volleyball tournaments are two-on-two) took home \$13,000 in prize money. "When you think of Santa Barbara, you think of volley-



COURTESY STEVE CHRISTENSEN / S.B. RECREATION DEPT.



Son of volleyball great Gene Selznik, Dane Selznik shows off a variety of hits during a Santa Barbara tournament.

ball," says Lisa. "The recreational indoor leagues and the kids' clubs are booming, the high schools and colleges have very good programs, and because this is a beach town, beach volleyball is a natural outlet for these players."

Eric Kuskey, president of Cal X-Sport Inc., a Santa Barbara-based company that exports sportswear to Japan, knows all about the lure of the beach. In Japan—a country that is crazy about California beach culture—the styles are wildly popular.

To promote the fashions he exports, Kuskey is organizing a professional beach volleyball tournament featuring the top sixteen teams on the men's U.S. tour at Enoshima beach, an hour from Tokyo. Since the sport has become a vital means of marketing the California lifestyle and its wares, behind-the-scenes competition can be just as fierce as that on the court. Kuskey has spent the last two years smoothing out ruffled feathers between the Association of Volleyball Professionals (AVP), the men's beach volleyball organization in the United States; the Federation of International Volleyball (FIVB), a division of the United States Volleyball Association (USVBA) that stages international beach volleyball tournaments; and the Japan Volleyball Association (JVA). After many rounds of negotiations, all parties involved gave their blessings to the tournament in Japan.

Kuskey, an experienced beach volleyball tournament organizer, initiated the Greek Men's Volleyball Challenge (GMVC) while attending UCSB in 1985. He now acts as consultant for the popular fraternity tournament, which is held annually at Goleta Beach. "Santa Barbara is a natural location for beach volleyball tournaments," says Kuskey. "The weather is perfect year-round, the beaches are beautiful and the crowds are very knowledgeable. We have a lot of tournaments here, and I'm hoping that we can get the men pros back."

Throughout the early '80s, the annual Tournament of Champions (TOC)—professional beach volleyball's premier event for men—took place at East Beach. East Beach has also been the site of other professional tournaments (both men's and

women's).

Problems arose, however, when the International Sorority Volleyball Tournament (ISVT), held in the spring of 1986, became a mob scene. More than 20,000 students from sororities and fraternities around the country converged on East Beach. Traffic on Cabrillo Boulevard remained at a standstill for the next 48 hours. Nearby condominium owners complained loudly to the City Council about noise, trespassers and litter. The City Council subsequently passed a resolution banning any event at East Beach that would draw more than 5,000 spectators to the area.

This decision forced the AVP, whose tournaments are always well attended but significantly more controlled, to move its tournament to Leadbetter Beach. Though volleyball aficionados consider East Beach the sand capital of Santa Barbara, Leadbetter has the advantages of a larger restaurant and more available parking.

It has been two years since the last men's professional beach tournament took place at Leadbetter. According to Jesse Washington, recreation programs manager for the city, an event had been scheduled last year, but negotiations with the sponsor, Miller Lite, fell through. (City regulations prohibit inflatable beer bottles and bikini contests, which are two of Miller's main attractions at volleyball tournaments.) However, an AVP representative has indicated the association's desire to keep negotiations open with Santa Barbara, and all parties involved are confident that a men's professional beach volleyball tournament will be held at Leadbetter in the near future.

Hodgert points out that in the meantime, there are a number of professional and amateur tournaments that still take place at East Beach, including a Women's Professional Volleyball Association (WPVA) tournament and a men's AAA-rated (one step below the AVP's open division) tournament. Beach volleyball clinics are also available for anyone interested in learning the finer points of the game, but most beginners start out the old-fashioned way—they just go down to the beach and start bumping the ball



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Spikers

around, which is how one of Santa Barbara's top stars got started.

"I had played a lot of indoor volleyball, but never on the beach," says Dr. Laszlo Kiraly, father of Karch Kiraly, one of the most respected and talented volleyball players in the world. "When I first came to Santa Barbara on a one-year internship, I took up the sport with Karch, who was only seven then. We would bump the ball on the sidelines and get in an occasional game, but mostly we just sat in awe, watching the good players on center court."

When the Kiraly family moved back to Santa Barbara permanently in 1974, Las and Karch began playing beach ball regularly at East Beach. The fiery father and son team played in tournaments together

until 1976, when Karch's shining talent began to turn heads.

Sinjin Smith recalls his playing days with Kiraly: "We were on the U.S. Junior National Team together and Karch asked me to play in a beach tournament. He had great skills, but was really just a skinny little kid at the time," says Smith, who had already chalked up several open wins. "He played with Don Shaw at the World Beach Championships in '78 and did very well—proving himself in a big way. That's when I made the decision to play with him. The next season, we won almost every tournament we entered, and we were the youngest team on the tour."

Until last year, however, Kiraly devoted most of his energy to the indoor game. After winning a CIF championship in 1978 for Santa Barbara High School

with fellow volleyball star John Hanley, Kiraly was named CIF Player of the Year. He went on to help UCLA grab three NCAA championship titles and received recognition as the NCAA Tournament MVP in '81 and '82. He joined the Olympic team in '81 while still in college. He subsequently racked up two gold medals, the MVP award at the '88 Olympics, and in '86 and '88 the International Volleyball Federation named him best player of the year. Since retiring from the U.S. Olympic team last summer, Kiraly has concentrated on the beach game, where despite missing the first third of the '89 season, he won nearly \$100,000 in prize money.

"My early experience with beach volleyball was critical to my indoor success and the role I filled as an all-around player on the Olympic team," says Kiraly. "John

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[Hanley] and I used to spend all day, every day at East Beach during the summers, watching our idols from UCSB play: Gary Hooper, Skip Allen, Don Shaw, Jay Hanseth. When we were high school seniors, we started beating these guys because of the sheer number of hours we spent practicing.

"East Beach is the best place in the world to play beach ball, and I've been to them all—Japan, France, Italy, Brazil, all around the U.S.—you couldn't ask for a better environment," continues Kiraly. "The abundance of well-groomed courts and the etiquette you see down there is indicative of how great a volleyball town Santa Barbara is."

Kiraly's father still holds his own at East Beach as part of a group called "The Nooners." For as long as anyone can remember, this eclectic group of men from all walks of life has been playing beach ball from noon until 1:30 p.m. almost every day of the week.

"Our status in the real world is meaningless, which is the real beauty of 'The Nooners,'" say Las. "There is the competition, which keeps us all in shape, but there is also the camaraderie."

Las marvels at how little has changed at East Beach over the years. "The faces change, but the scene itself is remarkably stable. Everyone belongs on a certain court—there are 'The Junglers,' who play twelve on a side; the women, who have their own courts and hierarchy; the competitive crew from the high schools, colleges and pro circuit; and 'The Regulars,' who are not as competitive, but play almost every day. We all know where we belong."

Although the short stretch between Will Rogers State Beach in Pacific Palisades and Hermosa Beach near Los Angeles is considered the world's hotbed for volleyball talent, Santa Barbara, with its abundance of stars, holds its own. Smith offers this parallel: "The real reason I got involved in volleyball was because I saw the very best play at the beach I grew up on—Sorrento. There were my stars, bigger than life, and it became my dream to do what they were doing. At every beach where you have these great players, you will have little kids dreaming of becoming just like them. Santa Barbara is one of those great volleyball towns." ≈

Free-lance writer Torrie Dorrell is a native Santa Barbaran who grew up playing volleyball at East Beach.



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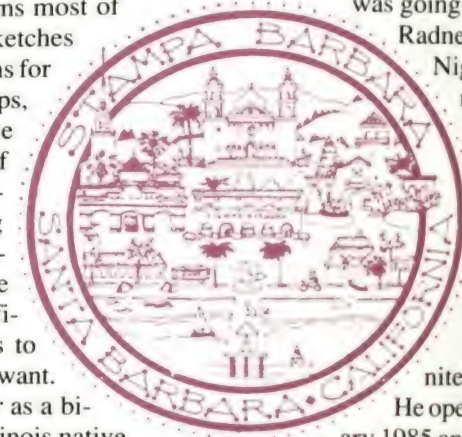
Visitors to Santa Barbara rarely miss a trip to the Old Mission, a climb up the Courthouse tower or a walk through the Botanic Garden. Another "must" on a city tour itinerary is a stop at STAMPA BARBARA, the world's largest rubber stamp store.

The world's largest what? For owner Gary Dorothy, the question is still a frequent one—and one he still enjoys answering. Dorothy is not only in the business of designing and selling stamps; he is also devoted to the art of stamping and educating people about how to use rubber stamps.

Rubber stamps first came into use during the 1860s, when Charles Goodyear perfected the art of molding rubber. The process, known as "vulcanizing," made it possible not only to mold rubber into various shapes and sizes, but also to create impressions on the surface of the rubber. Initially, people primarily used the newfound process for making name stamps, but by the 1920s, stamped impressions had made their way into the art world.

The wonderful thing about stamps, says Dorothy, is that they allow everyone to be an artist. "They are truly amazing in that they offer potential at every age level." Dorothy readily admits that he is not great at drawing. A professional artist on the staff at the store turns most of Dorothy's rough sketches and ideas into designs for stamps. With stamps, he says, people have tens of thousands of images at their disposal. By practicing a few simple techniques, one can use them in an almost infinite variety of ways to create whatever they want.

Leaving his career as a biology teacher, the Illinois native settled in Santa Barbara in 1979 to seek more creative endeavors. Dorothy called his first creative effort the "Santa Barbara Stickler"—a crossword puzzle that used city sights and local information as clues.



Though well received, the product proved difficult to market. Dorothy explains that "even though the puzzle was a success in itself, it was not marketable because it was only one item—and the basic rule of marketing is you must have more than a single item."

Dorothy subsequently went to work for a local gift shop and managed the small section of the shop devoted to rubber stamps. He soon saw the potential in the stamp business. "I was hooked," he recalls, "and decided I wanted to open a store devoted entirely to stamps. I

knew even then that I wanted a showplace to display the versatility and the uniqueness of stamps."

Although Dorothy saw potential in the rubber stamp business, some of his friends were skeptical. "People kidded me that I was going to be like an old Gilda Radner sketch on 'Saturday Night Live'..." he remembers, "...the one where she ran a Scotch tape store in the town mall. It was such a specialized store that she had only one or two customers a day."

Dorothy has definitely had the last laugh. He opened his store in February 1985 and in the first five years of business, his specialty shop has grown continually in order to house his ever-growing inventory of stamps. A second store, STAMPA BARBARA on Melrose, is flourishing in Los Angeles. He currently stocks over 80,000 designs and sells over 100,000 stamps each year.

In addition to the thousands of ready-made stamps, the shop offers a custom stamp service, which has become popular among locals. "Someone comes in every day to order a custom-made stamp," says Dorothy.

The key to Dorothy's success is found not only in the vast market of stampers that he tapped into, but in his enthusiasm about the possibilities of stamp art. When the shop opened, he taught any interested customer exactly what they could do with stamps. "People know they can personalize a card or a letter with a stamp, but I like to see how excited they become when they discover that stamped images don't have to be 'free-floating,' that you can create an entire scene out of stamps."

One of these spontaneous, in-shop lessons occurred recently when a visitor from Minnesota approached Dorothy while browsing through the store. She explained that she had stumbled into the store by accident during a walk through El Paseo. As the proud owner of a cocker spaniel, she selected a cocker spaniel stamp as a souvenir. Dorothy volunteered to show her a few tips on how to use the stamp.



JÜRGEN HILMER

"We're having a class," he called to other shoppers as he began to demonstrate some of his techniques, and in a matter of moments the cocker spaniel sat in a grassy field with fluffy blue clouds floating overhead. The visitor from Minnesota left the shop a new convert to stamp art. "That same thing happens so often," says Dorothy. "Once a person sees what they can do, they're ready to go." This is evident in the hundreds of cards and art pieces that adorn the walls of the shop. Some of them have been sent by friends and customers, while others were designed by the staff. Designs range from the realistic to the sentimental, the abstract and the avant-garde.

In his quest to create not only the biggest but the best stamp store in the world, Dorothy began to purchase inventories of rubber stamp companies from owners who wanted to sell out. "A great many companies are mom-and-pop operations, and when they decide to go out of business, I will take over their designs to keep them in circulation," he says. Dorothy eventually decided to begin his own line of stamps—with a revolutionary new twist. "The STAMPA BARBARA Collection," says Dorothy, "was created so people could structure their own stamp kits. Our first 'kit' was the Christmas tree, designed for us by local artist Devon Geiger. It was a large, bare Christmas tree, with 35 different ornament stamps. It's a simple idea, really, but no one had ever done it before. We gave people the basic scene, and allowed them to decide how they wanted to use the design."

Today, there are approximately 4,000 designs in The STAMPA BARBARA Collection, incorporating several different theme kits. A person might choose the aquarium with gravel, then add a variety of fish, assorted splashes, a net, aquarium plants and so on. Or they may choose the picnic set, which begins with a large picnic blanket. The kit includes a stamp of a

hot dog, a grill and even assorted ants. "We're always adding to the collection," Dorothy notes proudly. "We make things in different sizes so people can create their own picture. The various sets also work well together. The picnic set can go with the pool set or the tree set. We just give them the tools. The rest is up to their imagination."

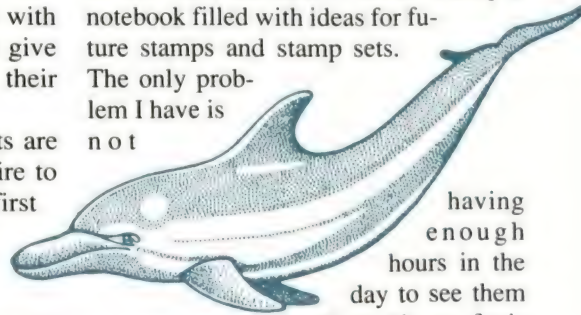
Dorothy's latest accomplishments are two inventions that further his desire to keep stamp art simple and fun. The first is the STAMPA BARBARA Stamp Positioner, which allows stampers to actually imprint a stamp in exactly the same place more than once—anyone who has tried knows that this isn't an easy feat. Though his device resembles a T-square, Dorothy is emphatic in his assertion that it is not merely an ordinary drafting tool. "The acrylic is much thicker, so the stamp won't slip around," points out Dorothy. "Also, there aren't any graduated markings like on a ruler because I don't want people to feel confined by inches or centimeters." The positioner works by marking a small piece of see-through paper and stamping it with a duplicate of the original image. Then, by aligning the two images and the positioner, a stamper can remove the transparency and get a second perfect image directly on top of the first. "This helps if a person has not inked the pad properly to go back and put more ink where it is needed. Or you can add color to the first image, and then stamp over it to give added texture and detail."

"The STAMPA BARBARA Stamp Positioner also enables people to create depth in their designs," Dorothy adds. "By masking out an area, you can allow the images to work on top of one another to create a third and totally original impression. It's remarkable, because now a person can utilize a stamp in a completely different manner from the way it was drawn."

Dorothy's second invention is a series of templates, called the StampingGuide, which can be used underneath any size paper to allow for uniform marking. Before I knew it, he had constructed sev-

eral unique designs by switching the templates and stamping along the pre-marked patterns.

Presently, Dorothy's major obstacle, as he sees it, is his lack of time. "I keep a notebook filled with ideas for future stamps and stamp sets. The only problem I have is not



having enough hours in the day to see them through to fruition—and still be in the shop. I want people not just to come here to buy a stamp, but to come in and catch the joy that comes with creating stamp art—and for that I feel like I need to be personally involved. A person may come into the shop the first time thinking that we sell name stamps or even postage stamps, but after they've looked around and after I've shown them some techniques, they're aware of a whole new creative field. I like turning people on to that."

James Driggers is a Santa Barbara-based free-lance writer and columnist.



15th Anniversary

SANTA BARBARA MAGAZINE

Since the first issue of Santa Barbara Magazine hit the newsstands in 1975, we have tried to do justice to the area's richness of character and scenic beauty through our signature photography. The images appearing on our pages convey a sense of the loveliness, serenity and abundance of natural and man-made wonders that make Santa Barbara what it is. They reflect the private and the public, the usual and unusual, the historic and the modern, often revealing



SELF-PORTRAIT BY JÜRGEN HILMER

surprising contrasts: snowcapped mountains protecting palm-lined beaches, redwood groves mingling with desert succulents, Olympians living among film stars.

From 1975 to the present, two outstanding photographers, Henry Fechtman and Jürgen Hilmer, stood long hours behind the lens to capture most of the images taken on behalf of the magazine. Henry, Director of Photography from 1975 to 1980, not only provided excellent photography, but contributed photos from his collection of rare autochromes. Jürgen began snapping shots for the magazine in 1975, taking Henry's place as Director of Photography in 1981.

To mark our 15th anniversary, we selected a series of Henry and Jürgen's photos. These represent some of their best work as well as Santa Barbara's diverse character. All of the photos were taken for the magazine, with the exception of photographs from Henry's autochrome collection.

True to form, when asked to submit self-portraits and biographies, both Henry and Jürgen delivered photos reflecting their artistic philosophy: "Let the picture speak for itself—the photographer should stand in the background," states Jürgen. Henry adds, "Life is a day-to-day thing. A day will seem completely ordinary, then all of a sudden, you come across an incredible sight. It's nice to

capture the beauty of a moment and share it with people."

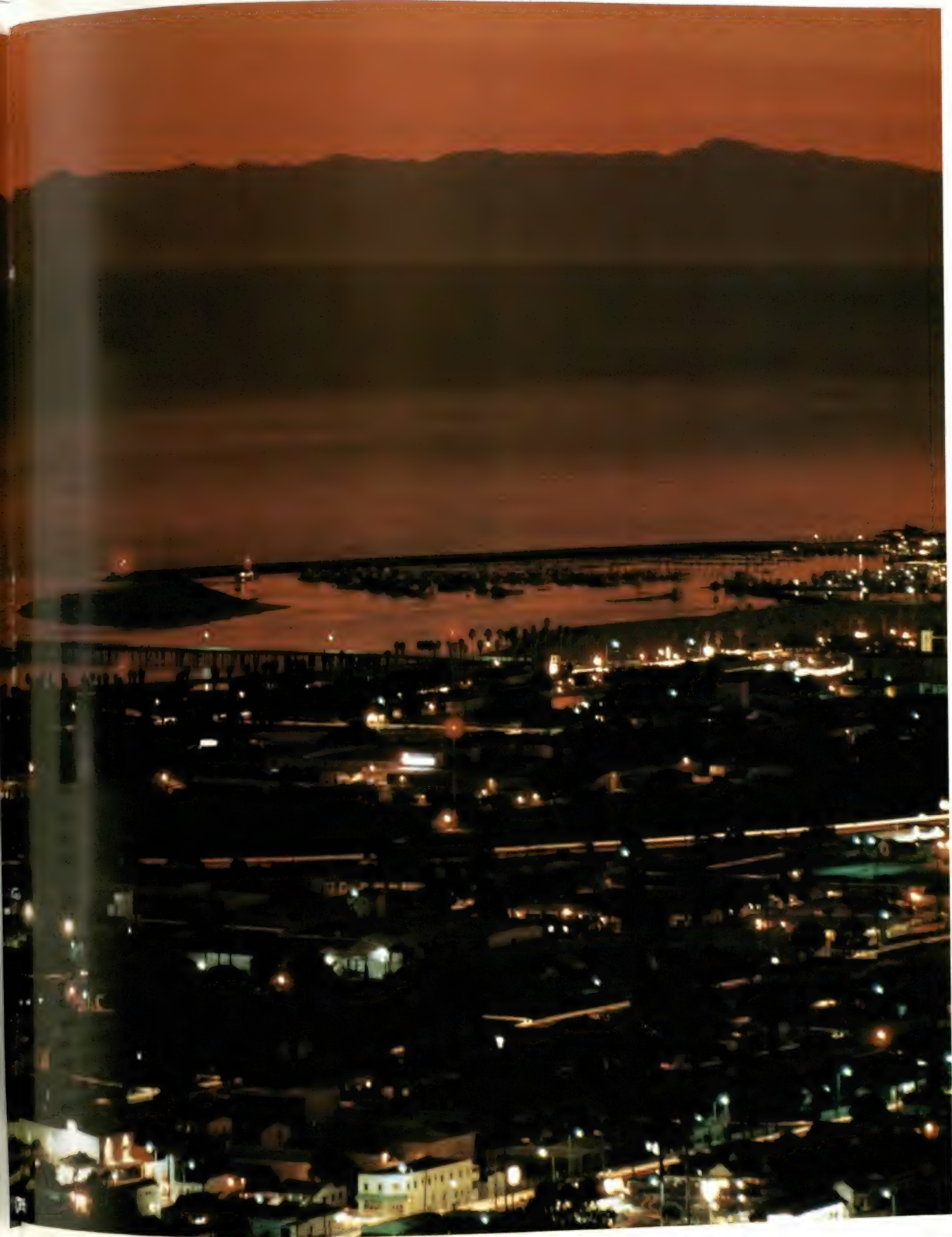
Henry came to Santa Barbara in the early 1960s to attend Brooks Institute of Photography. Following graduation in 1966, he started a photography busi-



SELF-PORTRAIT BY HENRY FECHTMAN

ness that has thrived for 25 years. Henry collaborated with Dave Fritzen to launch the first issue of Santa Barbara Magazine in 1975.

Jürgen prefers to remain relatively anonymous, emphasizing that he merely operates a powerful artistic tool, and that others are responsible for the images he captures. As he explains, "This is a unique town. All these people who let us into their lives, allow us into their homes, their yards, on their boats, on their roofs . . . that's what makes the images so beautiful. Without the generosity of Santa Barbarans, the photos couldn't be taken. We produce the images, but people supply the background. These people have made the magazine what it is. This is their contribution. Thank you all."



JURGEN HILMER

BOOKS

*Back in the 1920s, a small group
of wealthy preservationists turned
Santa Barbara into the city
they wanted it to be:
a Spanish dream city, far from the
gritty realities of American life.
Now with drought, fire and economic
uncertainty, can Santa Barbara
still afford the dream?*

*In this exclusive excerpt
from the provocative new best-seller
Material Dreams, historian Kevin
Starr examines the decisive moment
when the idyllic drama of
the Santa Barbara dream began.*

By Kevin Starr

Are Santa Barbara's days numbered? Is this city merely a privileged resort, an afterthought of the United States, snug and remote on its exquisite coastal rim? Have drought and fire signaled that its century-old effort to elude the realities of American urbanism is destined to end in defeat? Is the Santa Barbara dream finished—or only beginning?

These are some of the questions I asked as I began to search for the inner structure of the Santa Barbara experience for my new book, *Material Dreams: Southern California Through the 1920s*. Although I have glimpsed the possibilities of an answer, I am still asking these questions; and so, more than ever, is Santa Barbara.

All across the United States, architects and city planners are seeking to reintroduce into the American city a sense of human scale and pedestrian value. In this trend, Santa Barbara has much to contribute. From the perspective of city planning, Santa Barbara can be considered America's first post-modernist city. Indeed, as I try to suggest in *Material Dreams*, Santa Barbara has the unique distinction of being a pre-modern post-modernist city.

In short-hand terms, post-modernism refers to the effort among architects, city planners and other designers over the past two decades to move forward beyond modernism through the recovery, adaptation and reorchestration of historical motifs. Modernism, brought to the United States in its full power by the refugee architects

The Dream Comes Due



Arch preservationist: Pearl Chase had a Spanish solution for every problem.

of the German-based Bauhaus movement, sought to eliminate historical references in architecture and design in favor of geometric abstractions possessed of great elemental power.

City planners, meanwhile, were beginning in the '20s to do everything in their power to adapt American cities to the automobile. They put aside the Garden City prototype advanced by Englishman Ebenezer Howard in his 1898 classic, revised in 1902 under the title *Garden Cities of Tomorrow*, and began to envision and actualize the city more along the lines suggested by Le Corbusier in another classic, *Urbanisme* (1924). The city, Le Corbusier suggested, should move upward in construction and clear its surface area for the automobile.

Right from the start, Santa Barbara had other ideas. In the early 1900s, Santa Barbara faced



Magnificent Mediterranean: Las Tejas in Montecito, by Francis Wilson, 1928; additions by architect George Washington Smith, 1929.

what we can call the "booster question." Should Santa Barbara seek growth and development for its own sake, or should another alternative be tested? Aviation, the film industry and the United States Navy each offered Santa Barbara images of possible growth and development. They were tried and rejected. As early as the 1870s, and certainly by the 1880s, Santa Barbarans were testing the Santa Barbara alternative: a city, that is, which would be built around values of health and aesthetics—certainly not industry—and, surprisingly, not even the agriculture in which the regional economy was rooted. Such a decision demanded the influx of outside capital, and so Montecito—an outpost of eastern wealth—not Los Angeles—a colony of midwestern boosterism—pointed the way. Santa Barbara fashioned itself as a garden city keyed to the daydream of Spanish Arcadia.

Today, more than a half-century after such decisions were made and implemented by the Plans and Planting Committee of the Community Arts Association after the earthquake of June 1925, Santa Barbara finds itself at a point of crisis. Can it continue to nurture those post-modernist values of heritage, aesthetics and human scale that animated the generation of the '20s? Interestingly enough, the primary symbol of growth and development—water—now emerges as the key element in this ques-

tion, as it did for Californians of the early 1900s. Keeping itself out of the dominant Southern California water system, Santa Barbara controlled its own destiny for 50 years. The current drought, however, suggests that this decision also has its negative consequences, as Santa Barbara continues to pursue its special identity.

These risks may well be worth it. The generation of the '20s envisioned Santa Barbara as a city keyed to the best possibilities of urban life in a small-city environment. Today, this small city sits at the center of a burgeoning region that is incipiently metropolitan. Thus, the struggle to preserve Santa Barbara heritage now involves withstanding the thousand natural urban shocks of the '90s. History does not necessarily give us the answer. But by looking at what Santa Barbarans of the '20s did, the present struggle seems somehow enriched and comforted. —K.S.

MATERIAL DREAMS: AN EXCERPT

By 1919, the year Zorro first donned his cape, mask and sword and rode off into the night, it was clear to right-thinking Santa Barbarans that the time had come to establish more formally the identity of the Santa Barbara alternative. The city and its immediate environs, first of all, were beginning to experience a growth that would continue through the 1920s.

In 1919 developer Maurice Heckscher ac-

Can the city
continue
to nurture those
post-modernist
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of heritage,
aesthetics and
human scale?
Water once again
emerges as a key. . .

BOOKS



Spanish Revival: Smith's crematorium at Santa Barbara Cemetery.



Olé: activist Bernhard Hoffmann.

When it came
time to rebuild
[after the earthquake],
the committee
was ready...
Hispanicizers seized
control of the
reconstruction
apparatus.

quired the Hope and Ontare ranches adjacent to the western edge of the city and began to subdivide. Purchased by the La Cumbre Estates Corporation in 1925, a company controlled by the aesthetically oriented Santa Barbaran, Harold S. Chase, the 2000-acre Hope Ranch Park was developed along the lines of Montecito to the east and Palos Verdes Estates, Brentwood, and Bel-Air in Los Angeles: as a landscaped residential suburb, two to 50 acres per site, crisscrossed by palm-lined avenues, each site skillfully oriented to the beach and the oak-dotted

foothills. The Riviera rising to the north of the city, meanwhile, continued to be developed by Chase and others, including W. W. Catlin, representing the Warren H. Kerr Company of Los Angeles. In August 1923 Catlin opened the Los Alturas section of the Riviera, where newly arriving Santa Barbarans such as William Gibbs McAdoo, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. (Zorro himself), and his wife Mary Pickford planned to build residences.

The Community Arts Association provided the vehicle whereby the alternative identity of Santa Barbara became fixed for more than half a century. The association captured Santa Barbara politically, bringing the community under the control of a coherent group of affluent, genteel, preservationist-minded citizens who forced their will, quietly but effectively, on the community for the next two decades. It began innocently enough with another historical pageant and an arts program. Encouraged by the success of the "Masque of La Primavera," the group calling itself the Community Arts Association then organized and produced "The Quest," a pageant depicting mankind's search for happiness and beauty, which was performed in a specially constructed shell at the seaside Plaza de Mar on 15 July 1920. Headquartered in a renovated adobe at the corner of Santa

Barbara and Carrillo streets, the association formed three branches: music, drama, and the arts. The arts section founded a school of the arts, opening a small gallery for local painters.

Over the next two years the Community Arts Association increased its membership so that by 1922 it constituted, in effect, the who's who of the private sector. There were the magnates (Edward Payson Ripley of Santa Fe; David E. Perkins, the Akron rubber baron; George Owen Knapp of Union Carbide), surviving Spanish (De la Guerras in abundance), and Yankee squires (Dwight Murphy, the palomino breeder; John James Hollister, the Colonel's heir). A special interest was taken by the aesthetically inclined: Mrs. Christian Herter of the New York loom fortune; Fanny Van de Giff Osbourne Stevenson, Robert Louis Stevenson's widow—who maintained a home in Santa Barbara after her husband's death. Major Max Fleischmann was interested, as was Frederick Forrest Peabody, the Arrow shirt heir, and his dynamic wife, the

former Kathleen Burke, an experienced community activist. During the war Burke had helped raise \$4 million in Red Cross relief funds (her striking Irish beauty and innate eloquence made her a star on the speakers' circuit), and her personal field supervision of Red Cross operations in Europe earned her a reputation as the Angel of France. The real power of the association, however, resided within an inner core of genteel Hispanicizing preservationists—centered around activists Pearl Chase and Irene and Bernhard Hoffmann.

Thus motivated and positioned, in March 1922, the Chase-Hoffmann group (it included artist Fernand Lungren and had the backing of Max Fleischmann) formed a fourth section of the Community Arts Association: the Plans and Planting Committee, headquartered in a restored adobe at 116 East De la Guerra St. Through the efforts of Henry S. Pritchett, former president of MIT, head of the Carnegie Foundation and current Santa Barbaran, the Plans and Planting Committee obtained a grant of \$25,000 a year from the Carnegie Foundation, beginning in 1922, to create a pilot project of civic improvement that would serve as a model to other cities. These annual grants continued to be made until 1930.

All in all, nearly \$1.3 million was to be spent

over a 10-year period. With Bernhard Hoffmann serving as chair, the Plans and Planting Committee embarked upon a program of beautification and improvement that soon put the committee in virtual control of Santa Barbara as a shadow government of vigilante Hispanicizers. Santa Barbara thus became the first preservationist-controlled city in the nation.

At the urging of the committee, Santa Barbara established a City Planning Commission in 1923, hiring the well-known planner Charles H. Cheney as consultant. Cheney drafted a comprehensive building-zone ordinance, which the City Council adopted on 16 May 1924 as Ordinance No. 1203. This measure gave the program of the Plans and Planting Committee the power of the law; for Cheney and his associates reported to the committee as well as to elected and appointed officials, treating them both as co-equal authorities.

The committee also commissioned Cheney to work with Olmsted and Olmsted of New York to prepare a 70-page Major Traffic Street Plan and Boulevard and Park System, which the Planning and Park commissions, composed of genteel stalwarts, accepted in September and November 1924. But the City Council, a less impressed group of politicians fearing a complete loss of authority to the beautifiers, balked at accepting. The Plans and Planting Committee did succeed, however, in getting a comprehensive building code through the Council in May 1925 after three stormy readings.

The committee, meanwhile, went ahead with a Small Homes Program, launched in 1923 with Pearl Chase serving as chair. Chase organized a statewide architectural competition for small house designs appropriate to Santa Barbara and costing no more than \$5000 to build. In 1924 the results of the competition were published by the Community Arts Association as a guide to new home builders. The committee extended free advice and assistance to Santa Barbarans wishing to improve existing residences through landscaping and renovation. Under the auspices of the Better Homes in America campaign, Herbert Hoover, the honorary chairman, Chase, and her committee awarded prizes for successful improvements.

The Plans and Planting Committee of the Community Arts Association had as its goal nothing less than the materialization throughout the entire city of an identity some half a century in the making: a vision, that is, of Santa Barbara as a Spanish dream city, beyond the gritty realities of American life. In its architectural program, the committee had two existing points of reference: the surviving Hispanic ado-

bes and an emerging Santa Barbara school of Spanish Revival architects.

In its efforts to beautify Santa Barbara, the Plans and Planting Committee of the Community Arts Association had the assistance of a massive urban renewal project. At 6:42 p.m. on Monday, 29 June 1925, a violent earthquake—6.3 on the Richter scale—shook Santa Barbara. It began in the Mesa Fault beneath the Santa Barbara Channel, moved northwest, then triggered a major east-west reaction on the seaward side of the foothills when it reached the South Santa Ynez Fault.

Since the earthquake struck early in the morning, the major downtown buildings, where most of the damage occurred, were relatively unoccupied and casualties were light. A dentist in the San Marcos Building was crushed when part of the building collapsed. A 60,000-gallon

water tank crashed through the tower of the second Arlington Hotel, killing two guests.

All in all, out of a population of 25,000, twelve died and over 50 were injured. New construction—the El Paseo complex, the Lobero Theater, the *Daily News* building on the Plaza De la Guerra (another Smith-Riggs masterpiece), the majority of the newer private homes—survived the temblor. Damage to older buildings, however, and to the Mission itself was severe. Just about every major 19th- or early 20th-century structure—the Fithian Building, the Mortimer Cook Building, St. Francis Hospital, the Californian Hotel, the Potter Theatre, the churches, the lighthouse, and the Dibblee mansion on the Mesa—suffered severe damage. Had the earthquake struck when the streets and sidewalks were busy, hundreds might have been killed or injured by falling debris.

When it came time to rebuild, the Plans and Planting Committee was ready. Just prior to the earthquake, the committee had lobbied through the City Council an ordinance creating a Board of Architectural Review. Eleven days after the earthquake, the ordinance was put into effect. Staunch Hispanicizers and Plans and Planting Committee activists—such as Bernhard Hoffmann and architects George Washington Smith and Carleton



Carrillo Hill Adobe: design cues for a Spanish style.

The committee was
virtually a shadow
government of
vigilante
Hispanicizers.
Santa Barbara thus
became the first
preservationist-
controlled city
in the nation.

Continued on page 72

The Vision of David

David Bermant stands framed in the Sony Trinitron light. The blue ghost colors diffuse through the ends of his hair and in the almost translucent material of his spangled shirt, making him appear for a moment like a mad scientist.

We were watching several impressive videos—news reports by Cronkite and Kuralt featuring him. Bermant, controversial art collector, shopping mall developer and idea man behind Santa Barbara's community-wide PULSE 2 (People Using Light, Sound, Energy) exhibit this summer, has the reputation of a troublemaker. In one video, Chicago mall-goers were discussing a sculpture by Dustin Shuler called *Spindle*, which Bermant had placed in the shopping area. They expressed sharp disagreement as to whether the sculpture—nine cars impaled on a towering pole—constituted art. On screen, he appeared unruffled.

Bermant's part-time home here in Santa Barbara, nestled above Cathedral Oaks with a poolside view of the city and channel, bears testament to the vitality and irony that mark his collection. A full-sized, '60s Cadillac hood ornament and grill, mounted on the garage door like a sporting trophy, greets visitors. Next, a hidden motion detector activates purple neon rods that shake and make rattlesnake noises. (Do the permanent residents ever weary of this?) Surprises keep unloading from the sculptures and assemblages that fill the house.

Bermant describes his collection as "art that has to be seen by people. You can't take a photograph of it. If it ceases to move, it stops being art." His artists are not, with the exception of Marcel Duchamp and Jean Tinguely, household names. Among the many are George Rhoads, who creates the crazy moving balls; Clyde Lynds, who makes giant concrete sculptures with shifting, embedded fiber-optic lights; Rikuro



f David Bermant

By D. J. Palladino



Behind the sound, light and motion of Santa Barbara's PULSE 2 extravaganza



ALEJANDRO TOMAS

LEFT: Collector David Bermant multiplied and reflected in his *Mirror XVII* by James Seawright, on view at the Channing Peake Gallery. RIGHT: Constructed of concrete and optical fibers, *Stele LXXV Gnomon*, by Clyde Lynds, graces the grounds of the Lobero Theatre.



WM. B. DEWEY

"What the hell was wrong with me?
Why was I the only one in the
world who collected this form
of art so intensely?"



*Time Piece: George Mosser's exuberant
Good Time Clock IV greets visitors
at the Santa Barbara Airport*

The Vision of David Bermant

Okamoto, who fashions giant rocks that move like snails; James Seawright, inventor of the electronic *House Plants*; and Bermant's girlfriend Susan Hopmans, owner of a local nursery school, creates bright-colored, outdoor sculptures for children to play on. Which are his favorites? "These artists are like my children," he answers. "I really can't pick one over the other."

Bermant's collection forms the cornerstone of PULSE 2, and to anyone who watched the show take shape around Santa Barbara this summer, it's clear that a sense of fun animates the work. Yet, there is more to this millionaire collector's obsession. Behind the gregarious facade, a sly mind is at work. Just as the artists he champions use technology both to praise and poke fun at technology, Bermant himself both plays in the 20th Century and is deeply suspicious of what modern culture is turning out to be.

A surprisingly deep and well-reasoned aesthetic philosophy underlies Bermant's conversation, his taste and his insistence on putting art out in the open rather than sheltering it in museums. He can be a very persuasive talker—and spender, too—which are both key reasons why PULSE 2 is happening.

The story really begins with Bermant's first PULSE show at the P.S. 1 gallery in Manhattan. Phyllis Plous, curator at the University Art Museum, Santa Barbara, happened to be there. "People were pouring into the show, and I couldn't help but think how much our students would have enjoyed the exhibit," Plous says.

Enjoyment is a key ingredient of Bermant's art. Just visit the Santa Barbara Airport and watch people's faces as they watch George Rhoads' *Goodtime Clock* installation. Sometimes called kinetic, interactive or, as Bermant prefers, technological art, it reflects a fascination with high technology and its potential for spectacular effects.

Describing the form is to court frustration, since its practitioners use every



WM B. DEWEY



JURGEN HILMER



JURGEN HILMER



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TOP: *Night Butterfly* by Alejandro Moira Siña lights up the roof of the Museum of Natural History. ABOVE LEFT: *Bee Tree III* by George Rhoads stands 25 feet tall atop a stainless steel pole on the UCSB campus. ABOVE: The controversial *Ghost Parking Lot*, which Bermant installed in a Hamden, Conn., shopping center. LEFT: Bermant and Susan Hopmans, with George Rhoads' *Lunatic* in background.

In a generic-looking postproduction company in Santa Monica, across a parking lot from Skywalker Sound, Oliver Stone is deep in the final throes of editing his latest opus, a film on The Doors according to Oliver Stone (a Carolco film distributed by TriStar, due out in spring 1991). Late in the afternoon, a bit frazzled, a common appearance, he takes a break from the action, but his mind is as sharp as he speaks.

It's a fine place to sit, a fine place to sit. The dogged, Hollywood come—and, so, gripping the motion picture subject to his films. Talking, talk radio of Jim Morrison, been the themes as a scriptwriter and director—an

meant to be taken mythical experiences, post-'60s America. In the midst of a flurry of activity the past years ago. He is one of the few film artists calling for might find him Elizabeth at the night.

It's a sort of yet obsessive at hand hesitation. Cave fire, and when I mention there's a lingering all in town—a tension based on the knowledge that this debacle could be repeated—mulls over the word and the image. "Is there a pall?" he asks, as if the germ of a new script idea is cogitating in his always-active brain.

But Santa Barbara, to Stone and many another weekender, represents an Elysian refuge from faster-paced locales. "I find it a nice place to think," Stone comments, in the half-light of the editing room, with the movieola whirring in the background, "to let your mind wander, to hike, to swim, to ride a bike... to indulge in the beauty of life. I love that feeling there. It's a special treat, like having a little monastery up the road. It's my retreat, I guess."

Beneath the bravado and graphic surfaces of his work, Stone's films are also reflective, the

First he took on Vietnam,
then Wall Street.
Now Oliver Stone brings
his full creative fury to a
film epic on Jim Morrison
and The Doors.

TRY TO SET THE NIGHT ON FIRE

▼ By Josef Woodard



product of an artist who values a retreat. But his movies don't behave politely on the big screen. They coil, snakelike, and spring on you with a ferocity born of passion and a love of the underlying theme. He may be best known for his mythic—yet unflinchingly genuine—Oscar-winning Vietnam chronicles, *Platoon* and *Born on the Fourth of July*, but Stone has been setting his sights on a cross section of American life for years. In particular, he has delved into American life touched in some way by the mind-frame of the '60s.

It makes perfect sense, then, that for Stone's latest endeavor, he has taken on the story of The Doors, that unique Los Angeles rock band at the vortex of the romantic rock 'n' roll counterculture era. Leader Jim Morrison was a poet and a roustabout whose

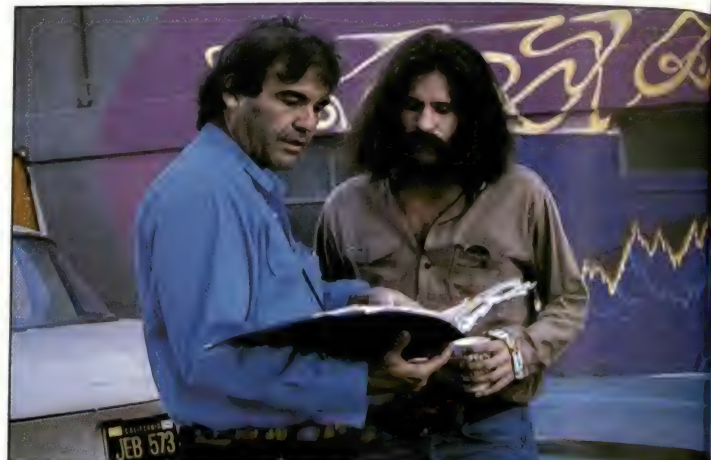
smarter after exposure to a cruel reality. In *Wall Street*, stock market greenhorn Charlie Sheen is shocked to learn of the conniving insider trading racket of Gordon Gekko (played by Michael Douglas, another Montecitan).

Stone's films are not to everyone's

ies may be made with capital letters, with archetypal characters and the audiovisuals pushed to the max, but he also stuffs meaning and provocative social issues between the lines. In short, Stone's films are all-American in the best sense: they're drawn with big, rau-



PHOTOS BY ELIZABETH STONE



"I have to make the next one. It's a blind, strong and very desperate urge. Without film right now, I'd be like a junkie without heroin."

legendary status has only grown since his death in Paris in 1971.

Martyrs and radicals, crusaders on the fringes, have been central to Stone's vision: the description fits Morrison; Richard Boyle, the real-life gonzo journalist in *Salvador*; veteran activist Ron Kovic in *Born on the Fourth of July*; and even the autobiographical main character in *Platoon*, played by Charlie Sheen, filling in for Vietnam vet Stone himself. His protagonists often are tainted innocents who find their convictions and delusions severely tested, and become



Top: Stone's son Sean (left), a frequent visitor on Stone's sets, plays the young Jim Morrison, and Val Kilmer (right) plays the adult Morrison in *The Doors*. Shown in his Montecito home, Stone considers the writer a film's "spiritual director."

liking, yet they've found as common a ground among both critics and the general public as those of any living director. *The New Yorker's* Pauline Kael wasn't especially impressed with *Born on the Fourth of July*, but her review may have served Stone a backhanded compliment when she wrote that "everything is in capital letters." Stone's mov-

cous brushstrokes, and they question authority even as they embrace American ideals.

In the editing room, a warm smile has overtaken Stone as we talk about Santa Barbara, crinkling a face framed by generous eyebrows and a head of permanently mussed hair. "Just think-

ing about it puts me in a good mood. Here I am in the editing room, and I'm starting to laugh and smile and be happy." It's true.

Has he thought about setting a film in Santa Barbara, something akin to Ivan Passer's *Cutter's Way*, which was shot here and concerned the warped socioeconomic structure?

"I think of it more as a retreat. We shot a piece of *Scarface* [which Stone scripted] up here in 1981 or '82. We shot a cocaine mansion in the Bolivia sequence. We also did a courtyard scene where they throw Omar out of the helicopter—F. Murray Abraham. The Bolivian boss was talking with Omar, and Tony Montana was trying to upstage him, and Omar tells him to shut the f— up. It's a very funny scene.

"We shot it in a courtyard way up in the mountains, a grand old estate with hundreds of acres. I wish I could go back and buy that house. It was wild, like being in the middle of Colombia."

Santa Barbara tends to inspire visions of faraway places, but there's no place like L.A. In shooting *The Doors*, Stone had his first full-frontal encounter with the city, dealing with both the adventure (and expense) of shooting on location there and living out his own personal obsession with the place.

"It's been a trip," he says with a grin, referring to *The Doors* film experience. "Quote 'trip.' I've become a Beach Boys fanatic. I've become stupider," he jokes. So he's really gotten into the California mind state, then? "I've really enjoyed it, to the nth degree. Nobody could ask for their California fantasy to be so fulfilled as mine has been through this picture. I was a big-city kid, and it's all my dreams of what Southern California could be—this crazy oasis, a non-city on the edge of a desert. In a desert, re-



THE FILMS OF OLIVER STONE

SALVADOR (1986). Written by Richard Boyle and Oliver Stone; directed by Oliver Stone. Two Academy Award nominations for this drama about U.S. involvement in Central America: one for actor James Woods, another for Boyle and Stone's screenplay.

PLATOON (1986). Written and directed by Oliver Stone. Stone's own Vietnam experiences form the basis for this classic war—and anti-war—film. Won four Oscars, including Best Director and Best Picture.



Platoon

WALL STREET (1987). Written by Stanley Weiser and Oliver Stone; directed by Oliver Stone. "Greed is good!" Michael Douglas won an Oscar for his unforgettable portrayal of corporate raider Gordon Gekko. One of the key films of the '80s.



Wall Street

TALK RADIO (1988). Written by Eric Bogosian and Oliver Stone; directed by Oliver Stone. Performance artist Bogosian plays a controversial radio personality in this dark study of ego and the media.



Talk Radio

BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY (1989). Written by Ron Kovic and Oliver Stone; directed by Oliver Stone. This searing portrait of the disillusionment and redemption of disabled Vietnam vet Ron Kovic won Stone his third Oscar and turned Tom Cruise into a serious actor.



Born on the Fourth of July

Stone's other film credits include screenplays for *Conan the Barbarian*, *Scarface* and *Midnight Express* (for which he received his first Oscar).



Midnight Express



Scarface

ally, and on the ocean. Everything is hallucinogenic, including this band."

The Southern California ambience may have been at the heart of his new film, but Stone's initial attraction to Morrison—whom he heard when he was a G.I. in Vietnam—had more to do with a psychological landscape.

"It wasn't L.A. I was examining Jim. He could have been from Arlington Beach, for all I cared. It was the character that fascinated me—his contradictory impulses, his desire to always break on through, to question, to test. That's what I like about him. He was pushing the limits. The poetry and the music, too, of course. The sense of death in his lyrics, the feeling of the romantic poets of the 19th Century; that interested me. He was a real romantic hero for our times.

"Also, the voice was great. That was part of it, too, listening to Jim. He had that whisky baritone, that Irish poet wailing, that Dylan Thomas thing. He was a great screamer.

"I talked to a lot of people who knew him, and they all said the same thing—that he was probably the most important person in their lives and that, in some way, he profoundly changed or affected them. Someone with that kind of charisma, you've got to dig, you know."

More than most filmmakers who have made a smoother entree into the film business and avoided real life along the way, Stone's past is dotted with misadventures and wanderlust. Born in 1946, the son of a stockbroker

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OLIVER STONE

(part of what led to him to make *Wall Street*), Stone grew up in the lap of relative luxury in Stamford, Connecticut, and Manhattan, until his father's fortunes plummeted. After a year at Yale, he trotted the globe, working in Saigon in 1965 and writing an aborted Great American Novel before winding up back in Vietnam for two tours of duty.

Wounded and decorated with a Bronze Star, Stone went on to attend NYU film school on the G.I. bill in 1971, studying with then-teacher Martin Scorsese among others. Through screenwriter Robert Bolt, he landed a directing job on a Canadian horror film, *Seizure*, in 1975 and continued to write screenplays of his own—including

"[Morrison's] character fascinated me—his contradictory impulse, his desire to always break on through, to question, to test. He was a real romantic hero for our times."

ing the first draft of *Platoon* in 1975, long before Vietnam was considered a kosher topic to broach in Hollywood films.

Considering his résumé, Stone has the power of perseverance, a peculiarly American trait. Like Richard Nixon, Stone has been down but never out, rightly refusing to listen to critics or film industry honchos who dared to get in his way. A screenwriter who struggled through most of the 1970s to break into the business, Stone finally struck gold with his script for *Midnight Express* in 1979. His first domestic encounter with directing was ill-fated: 1981's *The Hand* was a widely disparaged horror film featuring Michael Caine and the appendage of the title. Stone returned to his writing and penned several scripts

in the 1980s, among them *Year of the Dragon*, *Eight Million Ways to Die* and *Scarface*, the film directed by Brian DePalma which Stone has said was the final purging act in his own liberation from drug abuse. In the mid 1980s, he also had a son, Sean, with his wife, Elizabeth.

As of 1986, when both *Salvador* and *Platoon* were released, Stone abruptly broke into the front ranks of American filmmakers. *Platoon* won four Oscars, including Best Picture and Best Director. It also earned Stone the hard-won prizes that any filmmaker cherishes: clout and the power to pursue personal projects. *Platoon* had been 10 years in the making, as had *Born on the Fourth of July*—he bought the rights to Kovic's book in the late '70s.


How is it that, in the past few years, Stone has made the transition from screenwriter to fully assembled writer-director?

"Immodest as it sounds," he ventures, "I did consider myself a director when I got out of film school in 1971. As a director, I felt I was equally as talented as Godard, but I just didn't have the opportunity. I was ready to go out and do my *Breathless*. I made two horror films that failed.

"In all of the scripts I wrote, I always pictured myself as the director. I thought, 'I may not be the director of note, but at least I'm writing them as if I'm the director on paper.' My scripts were addressed to me. There's an interesting difference between addressing it to a producer-buyer and addressing it to yourself.

"I always felt that the writer is the spiritual director. The technique I picked up at film school, and I developed a lot since *Salvador*. I've learned a lot working with very good people. Looking at old films helps your eye, studying them. I think the old movies are the best teacher."

But the new Hollywood doesn't necessarily learn the lessons of the old movies: mainly that, in a good film, craft and substance form an unshakable union. As one who works in the world of words as well as images, Stone is



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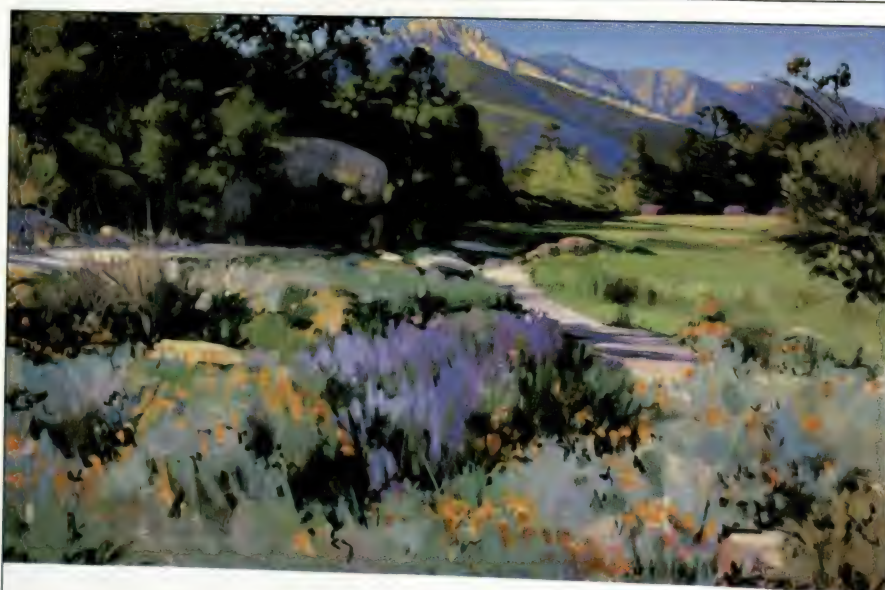
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OLIVER STONE

worried about the general caliber of scripts going into production now. "I think there are some good scripts, but I'd just like to see better scripts." Stone assesses the current cinematic crop. "A lot of the pictures I've seen lately, the hardware pictures, are a little soft on script. They're punchy. They've got televisionlike attention spans, so they get your attention and make a couple of punch lines. But where's the theme? Movies that address a serious theme are rare. There's nothing of that nature."

Stone's film concepts haven't sprung purely from the imagination. It would seem that he likes to ground his films in some real-life follies, in a biographical or autobiographical angle. But ask him about the trend and he demurs, sug-

*Stone's films are
all-American in the
best sense: drawn with big
raucous brushstrokes, they
question authority even
as they embrace
American ideals.*

gesting that we "ain't seen nothing yet."

"I've always been fascinated with good sci-fi, the possibilities of, the what-if scenario. It does lay out all the issues that you want: what if this happened? Maybe I'm saving up one."

"It would be nice, as a director, to work in different genres, to later in life do a sci-fi movie or do a love story, even if I fail miserably. I'm doing a music movie here. This is a musical—with war in it," he says, laughing. "It's a war musical. I realized today that we have 25 songs. This is the first film I've made with songs."

Oliver Stone indulging in a songfest? You can bet the songs in question are less than giddy. No one would accuse Stone of being a happy-go-lucky filmmaker. His movies alternate between

brooding and brawling, between contemplating some collective navel and diving into gritty terrain. Even his dark-horse film *Talk Radio*, essentially a film version of monologist Eric Bogosian's tour but funny drama, twists the knife of suspense in the close quarters of a talk radio station in the wee hours. "It's noir," Stone says of that modest yet haunting film. "Like characters stuck in an elevator for two hours." That's some people's—but not the status quo's—idea of a good time.



A gnawing energy runs through Stone's filmography, an energy that one senses in conversation with him. Making the best of his relatively newfound position in the Hollywood superstructure, and capitalizing on his wellspring of ideas, Stone is in the midst of a creative fury.

As the day wears on and the editing room clock ticks louder, Stone becomes a bit philosophical about his magnificent obsession. He leans in, suddenly turning confessional, his voice hushed and intense: "All I can say is that it's a blind, chaotic thrust through the night of the planet, an evolving ball. I'm spinning through hyperspace. It's very fast now. A film year is like two years of normal life to me. I've made six pictures in five years. I have this energy inside of myself which has sort of dictated me.

"I'm being blown through the wind—hopefully, and I believe, with a purpose. I'm making them as quickly as I can because I feel there's a purpose to doing them. I have my own agenda. I'm laying out my body of work. I don't want to stop right now.

"I would like to take a rest—take a couple of years off—but I have to make the next one. It's a blind, strong and very desperate urge to make the next one. Without film right now, I think I'd be like a junkie without heroin."

After a pause to catch his breath, Stone lets out a half-mad laugh, recognizing both the hyperbole and truth of his statement. In his films, and perhaps in his life as well, Stone walks a fine line between a sense of control and the edge of anarchy. It's the line where art is forged out of life itself.

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Blowout

HISTORY

In January 1969,
the world was shocked
into environmental
awareness by
an oil spill in
Santa Barbara.
Now, some fear it
could happen again—
only worse.

By J. Patrick O'Hara

What they all remember was the silence.

On the day the oil came ashore, the ocean made no sound. It was as if a curtain had fallen, stilling the rhythm of the waves.

"The eerie part was that the swells came up onto the beach and never broke—they stayed intact because of the oil," says retired *News-Press* reporter Robert H. Sollen. "It was total silence."

A few days earlier, on a cold, clear day in the Santa Barbara Channel, a blowout had occurred at an oil platform drilling about six miles off the coast of Santa Barbara. Workers on Union Oil Company's Platform A had pushed a well beyond the depth of its steel casing, and when the drill hit an area of intense pressure, it blew out of control. Mud and gas flowed up first, followed by millions of gallons of thick, black crude oil.

The slick that began to form that day—Jan. 28, 1969—was to foul Santa Barbara's beaches and kill untold numbers of shore birds and marine creatures. It would galvanize the city as never before and horrify the world. The Santa Barbara spill, the most dramatic display yet of what was to become a sickeningly common occur-



COURTESY GOO



KEVIN MCKIERNAN



Top to bottom: Pitchfork-and-straw clean-up in Santa Barbara Harbor, Feb. 14, 1969. Last January, on the 20th anniversary of the spill, GOO staged a protest off the still-standing Platform A. The worst of the spill hit beaches from Rincon to the Mesa; here oil washes ashore at Fernald Point.



ence, would shock the nation into awareness and ultimately mark the beginning of an environmental movement that has become our planet's greatest priority.

News of the blowout moved slowly at first. It was the next day, Jan. 29, when Sollen got word of the spill from an anonymous caller. He confirmed the existence of the slick with the Coast Guard, and by evening (the *News-Press* was then an afternoon paper) the news was out.

"We realized immediately that it was extremely serious," says Sollen. "Each hour it became grimmer and grimmer." On Feb. 4, the oil arrived. Its

first landfall was at Leadbetter Beach, between the breakwater and Shoreline Park. "This was very thick, solid oil," Sollen recalls. "It was not emulsified. It laid, layer after layer, onto the beach. The oil would stay as the water receded, and with each swell the oil got thicker."

Volunteers rescued stranded birds and tried to scrub the oil from their feathers. They dumped straw into the breakers to absorb the oil, and, when it washed ashore, scooped it from the beach with pitchforks. "It was fruitless," Sollen says. "A beach could be cleaned one day and coated again overnight, depending on the wind and tides. This went on for weeks."

Globs of oil were spotted on beaches up to 100 miles away in both directions. But it was the area between the Rincon, about 18 miles south of Santa Barbara, and the Mesa beaches north of Shoreline Park that absorbed most of the oil. Santa Barbara's harbor was closed for weeks. The smell of oil reached as far inland as the Riviera district. For two or three years afterward, winter waves would expose oil patches on the beach.

There had been other oil spills, most notably the 1967 Torrey Canyon tanker accident, which soiled beaches on both sides of the English Channel. But it was the incomparable beauty of Santa Bar-

An eerie beauty: oil platforms have dotted Santa Barbara's horizon since the late 1960s, but the county's love-hate relationship with one of its greatest natural resources goes back much further.

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bara, the privileged community where nothing could go wrong, that gave the story drama and made the televised images of dying birds and filthy beaches all the more compelling. If such a nightmare could occur here, was any city safe?

Politicians were drawn to the scene. Interior Secretary Walter Hickel flew in Feb. 3, and on the 7th—as workers unsuccessfully tried to cap the blowout—Sen. Edmund Muskie inspected the channel. On March 21, President Nixon toured the beach. Congressman John V. Tunney made a 200-foot dive on April 4 to view the source of the blowout firsthand.

Santa Barbarans reacted with outrage. James "Bud" Bottoms, an ocean-lover who created the dolphin statues on Santa Barbara's waterfront and in downtown's La Arcada, had watched as the arrival of offshore oil "disturbed the serenity" of the coast in the preceding two decades, start-

"As soon as I heard the news, I shouted to my boss, 'We've got to get oil out of Santa Barbara.'"

—JAMES "BUD" BOTTOMS

ing with the depth-gauging explosions. The father of actors Timothy, Sam, Benjamin and Joseph Bottoms, he was at work when he heard about the slick. "As soon as I heard the news," he recalls, "I shouted to my boss, 'We've got to get oil out of Santa Barbara.'"

His rueful utterance became the name and rallying cry for GOO—Get Oil Out—an organization aimed at preserving Santa Barbara's beauty by driving oil away. By mid-May 1969, Bottoms and GOO had obtained 70,000 signatures—a number greater than the city's population—on petitions calling for oil to "get out of the channel." In his book, *Blowout at Platform A*, Lee Dye wrote, "Santa Barbara launched this nation on an irreversible drive toward guaranteeing a cleaner environment for every American."

The efforts of Bottoms and GOO—one of the nation's first grass-roots environmental action groups—to halt oil

development in Santa Barbara were technically unsuccessful. Things had gone too far. A bill to ban drilling in state waters died in committee in Sacramento while federal courts also refused to issue injunctions to prohibit further drilling in the channel. Today there is greater oil activity off Santa Barbara's coast than ever before.

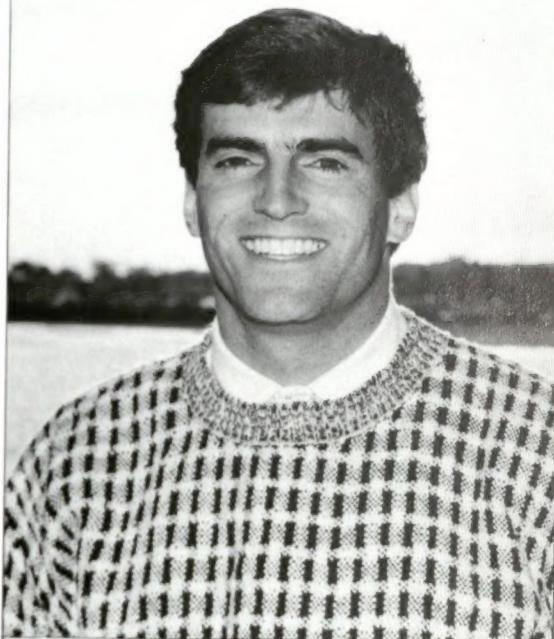
But the attention GOO focused on the spill triggered ground-breaking environmental legislation. Less than a year after the spill, Nixon signed the National Environmental Policy Act. Other federal and state measures followed. In 1976, state voters approved the Coastal Act, which by 1982 gave Santa Barbara County permitting power over oil company operations in the county. Today, 22 years after the blowout, oil companies face a host of restrictions and regulations undreamed of in the 1960s.

Before Santa Barbara, there was oil. Chumash Indians used tar to line their ocean-going canoes, and early European mariners came to recognize the waters off Santa Barbara by the sheen of oil on the water. (To this day, globs of tar spot local beaches, and no one knows for sure whether they come from natural seepage or from some of the 24 platforms—19 of which are active—in the area.)

By the turn of the century, Summerland's beach area bristled with oil derricks. The first offshore well was drilled from a wharf there in 1890. In 1928, drillers for the Barnsdall and Rio Grande oil companies brought in a gusher on the Las Armas Ranch, about 12 miles west of Santa Barbara. Press reports hailed the 4,300-barrel-per-day well as one of California's most important oil discoveries. Tax revenue from other fields in the Ellwood-Hollister Ranch area, the fourth largest oil field in the state, helped finance the \$2-million construction in the 1920s of the Santa Barbara County Courthouse and helped keep the county solvent during the Depression.

"Oil constituted the exception to the anti-industrial Santa Barbara rule," writes historian Kevin Starr in his book, *Material Dreams*. "But then again, oil [regulation] was beyond the City of Santa Barbara's immediate jurisdiction." City

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residents bitterly protested when the first oil ocean leases off Santa Barbara's coast were sold in the late '60s—but to no avail. In 1968, Phillips Petroleum launched Platform Hogan, the first platform to drill in federal waters off California.

Then came the spill, and a decade of inactivity as government grappled with the issues the disaster raised. But oil development heated up again in the '80s with the discovery of more oil offshore, most notably an oil field off Santa Barbara's Point Arguello that is being hailed as the most significant untapped field in the 48 states. Oil is in the news again.

With crisis building in the Persian Gulf, the Point Arguello oil may be vital to the nation's domestic supply. The estimated 300-million-barrel reserves constitute roughly a 16-day supply for the entire United States—enough for all of California's oil needs for half a year. Chevron has spent \$2.5 billion to build three

*Will Chevron ship the oil
by tanker? The county will
soon decide, and the entire
oil industry is watching.*

offshore platforms and a treatment plant in Gaviota, but drilling has yet to begin. Another plant, Exxon's Santa Ynez Unit, is under construction in Las Flores Canyon, about 20 miles west of Santa Barbara.

So far, oil prices have been too low to justify pumping the Arguello oil. But now, as prices rise, Chevron U.S.A. finds itself pitted against Santa Barbara County over the best way to transport the crude. Chevron already has county permission to move its Arguello oil to refineries in Los Angeles or Texas via pipelines, but it wants to ship the oil by tanker. An interim permit to tanker the Point Arguello oil was overturned by the state Coastal Commission in May 1989, after an appeal by GOO and the League of Women Voters. Soon, Chevron's new request for a tankering permit will be considered by the county's Board of Supervisors.

The county must decide if adequate pipeline facilities are available to move

Chevron's oil to market. "We believe existing pipelines can do the job, with minor modifications," says one county official. "With that in mind, I can't see the board granting the (tankering) permit."

Chevron has been accused of trying to use the oil crisis as a wedge to cut a better shipping deal, but the company denies the charge, arguing that shipping via pipeline is too expensive and pipeline capacity is insufficient. The heavy Point Arguello crude also would have to be blended with a "condensant" before it could be piped. Building a new pipeline is yet another option being considered by Chevron.

The request for tankering doesn't sit well with county officials, who fear that a tanker mishap could dwarf the 1969 blowout. The Exxon Valdez tanker accident spilled 11 million gallons of oil—more than three times the estimated amount from Platform A. Hundreds of oil tankers already pass through the shipping lanes in the Santa Barbara Channel each year, although some oil companies have voluntarily rerouted tankers outside the channel.

The entire oil industry is watching to see if Chevron can "go through the county process and get a product to market," says Terry Covington of the California Coastal Operators Group, an oil industry group. "It's a hallmark for the entire industry."

All this rankles the folks at GOO, which today is a 300-member organization. They have recently carried the fight to Congressman Robert Lagomarsino, urging him to sponsor legislation to buy back channel oil leases. But GOO, which once mustered fervent support from nearly every Santa Barbaran, has encountered a new enemy: apathy.

"Most citizens here say they don't like the platforms in the channel, but the average person isn't doing anything," says one GOO official. "Unfortunately, people are just too comfortable with their cars." For Bud Bottoms, who after nearly 22 years still hears the sound of silence from that oil-coated ocean, the latest crisis has revived his fears and suspicions.

"They make you feel guilty if you oppose the oil companies," he says. "But everyone knows the best thing we could do—the most patriotic thing—is to conserve that oil."

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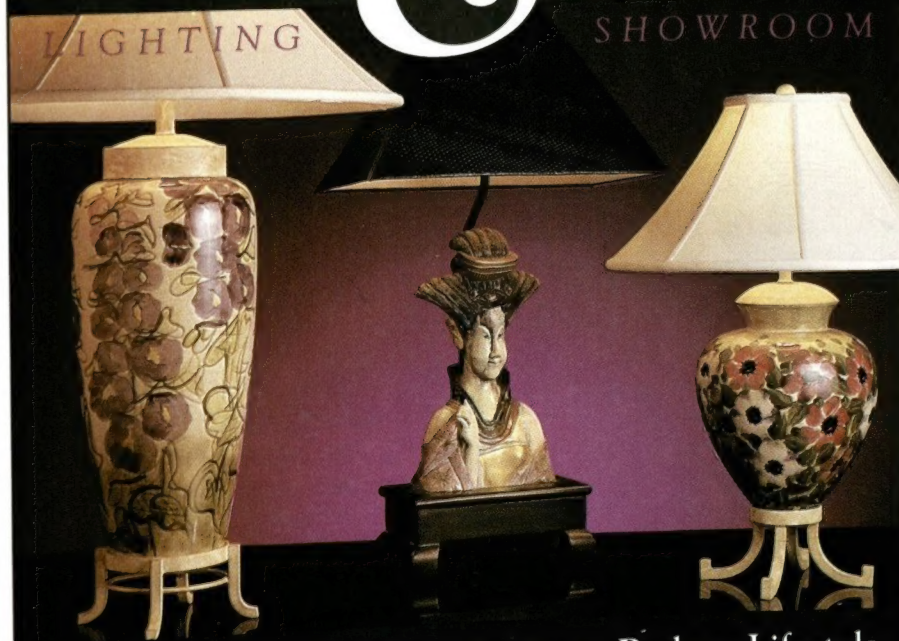
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